

# ILLUSTRATED TIMES

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## RECENT INDIAN NEWS.

LITTLE more than a week since, the news arrived in England of some disturbances which have caused no ordinary sensation in our Indian empire. A kind of revolt broke out in Rajmahal, among a race of mountaineers who share neither European civilisation nor Hindoo cowardice, and who are therefore awkward customers to deal with. The affair being quite unexpected, the rebels triumphed for a while; drove back the hasty forces raised against them at first, and committed some shocking murders. When the mails left, regular troops were being brought into play, and no doubts are entertained that ere this the movement has been quashed. Various accounts are given of the causes which provoked it—the most prominent being, they say, depredations and abductions by Hindoo "navvies" engaged on railway work, thereabouts. But, as yet, little is known of the affair, though that little is not to be passed over as trifling, when we consider all that has been brought forward within the last year or two, about the way in which British India is governed; and that one of the most remarkable experiments of modern times is now being made to secure a class of superior men for its administrative system.

But the "news" from India comprises some particulars, not directly connected with this revolt (if it deserves the name), but by no means unimportant. These particulars reveal to us—far more distinctly than the most brilliant surface descriptions—what the actual condition of the people of India is. They are contained in a document called the "Report of the Commissioners appointed to Inquire into the Alleged Cases of Torture in the Madras Presidency." This Report is part of the "Indian news," and though it is not quite so gratifying to British pride as a battle of Aliwal—nor so tasteful to British humour as Thackeray's account of "Jos" the fat "collector" in "Vanity Fair"—we must be pardoned for bestowing some attention on it, as an interesting phenomenon.

After all, how valuable is a good business document, compared

with the best literary account, towards getting at the real life of a people! Supposing a report by a committee of the Roman Senate on the "state of the working classes" (or anything else, almost) turned up in the Vatican,—would not scholars sacrifice almost any author (short of Virgil or Horace) for it? Not that we would go the lengths of that old scholar, who valued Homer because he had produced the commentary of Eustathius. Nor do we underrate art. But there is a charm in nature and reality which nothing can rival; and when men are calmly at work on a bit of business (never thinking of the "effect," or of anything but the facts), they unconsciously produce results breathing of actual life in a way nothing can surpass. In studying our own history, one pre-eminently experiences the truth of this. A good old business document, full of jottings by a steward of the moneys paid on a particular occasion, is worth a dozen pages of the most "philosophical" narrative; and an eminent living writer has seriously urged that the history of England should be perused by British youth in the Statutes at Large. We are prepared, then, to welcome this Madras "Report" with much more enthusiasm than we should even a very ingenious poem about the "meek Hindoo."

Everybody knows the leading facts of our system of Indian government; but yet, that torture should go on under it will very much surprise the British public. In fact, we are told that the existence of it was unknown to our rulers on the spot. Certain leading gentlemen had "never heard of it." On the other hand, its existence was maintained by "most highly respectable merchants." Hence the appointment of the "Commission," in September of last year, and hence the revelations now before the public. The commissioners went to work in a very practical manner; circulars were sent to all parts of India, inviting complaint and inquiry. In three months, nearly 2,000 complaints were laid before them. So that materials enough exist for at least a partial knowledge of the subject.

As for one department of the subject—that of the use of torture

in criminal cases—it seems that the custom had been known to exist; talked about—indeed, everything but *suppressed*—from old times. Ten orders were issued by one Court on the subject between 1706 and the date of this Report, all forbidding what Sir Thomas Munro, in 1827, called "irregularities"—viz., beating, kicking, "dipping in boiling cow-dung," and such operations. It was all the fault of the native character, reports one Collector. It was ancient, and the people took to it naturally. But we thought the "native character" was like every other native thing,—subject to any disciplinary regulations we choose to make! We thought that it was the custom to carry out "civilising" designs among the natives. Yet ten orders have failed, it seems, to produce the abolition of an abuse—than which no other is more readily understood to be an abuse by all who have received the elements of education in Europe. What no Englishman in England can do to a dog or a goose—an Englishman's agent in India does daily to man and woman. Then, —if it is so "natural" to the native mind, all this,—why did the native mind lodge complaints to the tune of 2,000 in three months?

However, torture in criminal cases, it may be said, is the most defensible of all kinds of torture; has been practised in all countries and ages; was practised in England in James the First's time, and is still known in Greece and Turkey. All this does not a whit excuse its being practised in 1855, in districts commanded by — Higg, Esq., educated at Rugby or Eton,—probably the son of a clergyman—and whose book-shelves are well supplied with the most enlightened publicists. But we pass from it—because worse remains behind.

For we now come to speak of torture employed in the raising of revenue. On this point, too, there is plenty of evidence: and evidence, moreover, that it has been part of the regular system of money-raising any number of years. In 1718 and 1820, the Revenue Board issued minutes to protect the "ryots" from the oppressions of the collectors. The word "ryots" was made classical in our language by the eloquence of Burke; and it carries one back to



THE FIELD OF TCHERNAYA, AFTER THE BATTLE.—BRINGING IN THE WOUNDED TO A FRENCH PICQUET HOUSE.—(SKETCHED BY JULIAN PORTCH.)

his terrible—his most luminous and terrible—account of Debi Sing, to be told that, so late as 1837, subordinate revenue officers used to extort rent due by applying an instrument called a *kittie*, "a very simple machine consisting of two sticks tied together at one end, between which the fingers are placed as in a lemon-squeezer." But perhaps all this is abolished since 1837? By no means. The Commissioners found, on inquiring in some districts, "astonishment expressed that the prevalence of torture should ever have been called in question." In some districts, of course, its existence was denied; but allowances must be made for lying in all cases where an "abuse" is being inquired into, as we see at home every day.

Remembering various books of travel which we have read about India, we are inclined to think that young fellows going out there acquire a way of despising the "native" to a degree which must render them very indifferent to his being tortured or not tortured. Snobkins (himself perhaps deriving from a "villain regardant" of a few generations ago), carelessly considers the "vile Hindoos" an incorrigibly sunken race. They are intended by Providence to prepare his warm bath and fill his pipe. Why, then, should Snobkins too curiously inquire by what details the "tahseildar" and his subordinates squeeze from a servile population the necessary coin? But the district is large! Well, and what is Snobkins there for? What is his purpose on this earth but the discharge of his duties? If we cannot govern India honourably, let us give up the business. Were it propounded that we had not men enough to govern India, what a contradiction should we meet with! Yet, all the miserable excuses set up for these abuses—"great power of native officials"—"distance from European magistrate," &c.—are confessions of our imbecility. And all this while a pretence of "conversion" is going forward, which can only appear hypocrisy. What notion must a knowing "native" form of our sincerity, when, after hearing the missionary read the story of the good Samaritan, his hut is invaded by a tax-gatherer, who proceeds to put his fingers in the species of "lemon-squeezers" described above? If Snobkins does not do this, at least he permits it. Yet Snobkins reads "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" and people in England delight in reproaching Americans with the cruelties of a Legree, who never think of the mean and hellish inflictions suffered by thousands of unhappy Indians at the hands of village tyrants in British pay.

These are not times when the British people can afford to lose any national honour, or to risk any power in any part of the world. No doubt, the Hindoos are a feeble, languid, degraded race—feeble and degraded, too, for centuries; but we should regulate our moral conduct to them, not by their standard altogether, but by ours. It cannot be worth our while, for the sake of the extra amount of rupees we can wring from them by it, to imitate the fiscal policy of Pashas and Sheikhs; or, at least, such conduct is incompatible with the kind of reputation we claim. What with a revolt in one part of India, and an elaborate document on torture from another—we feel glad to think that measures are in progress to supply that part of our possessions with youths, who have at least displayed some kind of capacity in the commencement of life.

## Foreign Intelligence.

### FRANCE.

THE King of Sardinia is expected in Paris on the 16th. It is not believed that Abd-el-Kader will visit Paris soon. The celebrated Emir is seriously ill of cholera at Marseilles, where, it appears, some cases have appeared, and cases are also said to have occurred in the hospitals of Paris.

### SPAIN.

THE Carlists in Catalonia appear determined once more to try their fortune. According to accounts, Tristany, at the head of 50 men, had approached Igualada. Six inhabitants of Olot had gone to join Borges. This chief lately surprised and disarmed a captain and 20 soldiers of the battalion of Vittoria. The great object of the Carlists is to obtain possession of a fortified place.

### DENMARK.

A REPORT has been current that the King has been taken seriously ill. The rumour is not entirely true, but it is well known that his Majesty has every symptom of water on the chest, and that these indications assume every day a more serious character. This fact is of great importance at the present moment, when the protocols of London relative to the succession of the throne of Denmark are spoken of on every side.

### RUSSIA.

THE Emperor of Russia has conferred a variety of decorations, titles, &c., upon the clergy and officials of Poland. The authorities at Helsingfors have forbidden all intercourse between that place and Sweaborg, so anxious are they to conceal from every eye the immense amount of damage done by the bombardment. In consequence of the war, the University of Helsingfors will be closed this year.

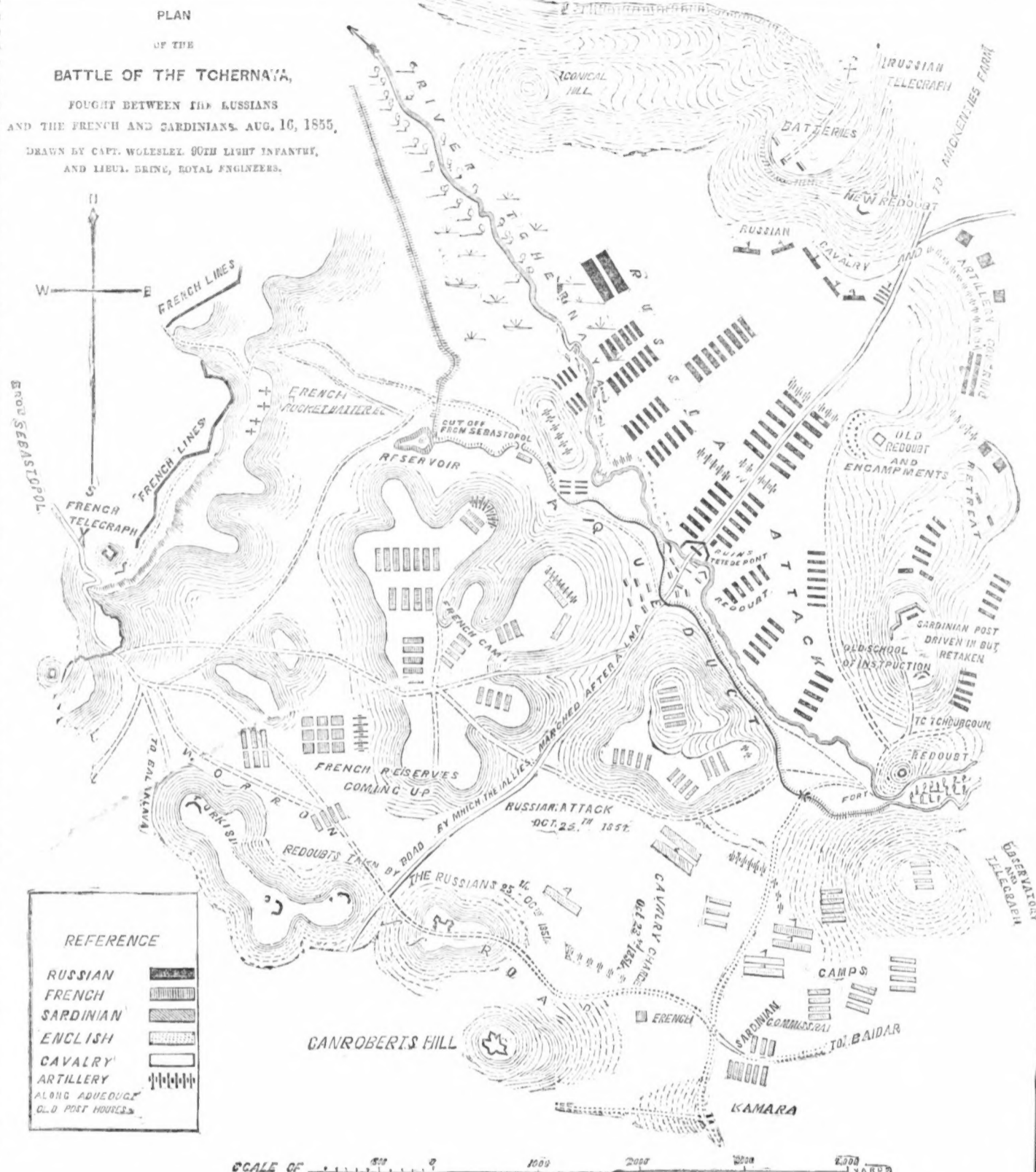
### ITALY.

THE Government of Piedmont is actively making arrangements for the demands of a winter campaign. Letters from various parts of Italy concur in stating that the probability of serious events soon taking place there is believed by many; and accounts from Austria speak of a feeling of apprehension on the same subject, as also of the preparation of the Government for all emergencies.

### SICILY.

THE King seems to be bent on bringing himself into trouble by offending all classes. The King and his Ministers are thoroughly Russian, and the Swiss soldiers are schooled to hate France and England.

Every one is waiting to see what notice the French and English Governments will take of the insults lately offered to both countries.



## The War.

### THE BATTLE ON THE TCHERNAYA.

#### ADDITIONAL DETAILS.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE OF ACTION.—POSITIONS OCCUPIED BY THE RUSSIANS AND THE ALLIES.

ANNEXED will be found a carefully-prepared plan of the scene of action on the memorable 16th of August. In order that the reader may have something like a correct idea of this great conflict, it is necessary to call attention to a few of the leading features of the well-known district around Balaklava. The plain of Balaklava is broken in its centre by a line of eminences, which, however, are so small as hardly to be entitled to any better appellation than that of mounds. It was on these last that the Turkish redoubts were thrown up, which were so precipitately abandoned by their defenders on the 25th of October. The highest of these hillocks does not rise above two or three hundred feet from the level of the plain. Between Tchourgoun and Inkermann, there are some of the most remarkable features in the landscape; but on crossing the river on the road from Balaklava to the former of those places, they no longer stand apart, each from its neighbour, but become more and more closely crowded together, and are soon lost in the picturesque confusion of the great range of hills which extends without interruption along the whole of the southern coast. On two or three of these, which lie in a cluster on the side of the plain next Inkermann, and directly facing the Mackenzie Heights, the road from which passes between them, have encamped for some time past three divisions of French. On the side next the Tchernaya, the position was defended by a precipitous and escarped descent, on which some stunted brushwood still remained, but which, in most places, stripped of the soil by the rain of ages, presents but the white masses of the chalk which plays so important a part in the geology of the whole district; on the side next Balaklava, the descent is comparatively easy. On the summit rested the right wing of Liprandi's army on the 25th of October, and on the southern side were planted the greater number of the batteries which mowed down the British Light Cavalry, as they charged along the slope which leads gently towards the ford on the road to Tchourgoun. This ford is reached through a tolerable wide opening, which separates the French position from that of the Piedmontese, who occupied the heights immediately under the village of Kamara, extending a short distance to the right. The valley still further to their right, which is traversed by the Woronzow road, leading on to Baidar, was defended by the Turks. The three armies occupied a chain of eminences forming a semi-circle drawn from Inkermann to the sea, and embracing Balaklava and the plain within its two wings—or, in other words, just the position taken up by Liprandi last autumn. The French divisions were encamped on the top of the hills. Between these hills runs the road leading up to Mackenzie's Farm, and

crossing the river in the valley by a stone bridge, for the protection of which a small redoubt had been thrown up in front. This *tete-de-pont* was on the night of the 18th inst. guarded by the 20th of the Line. The Piedmontese had batteries regularly fortified on all the heights overlooking the ford on the road to Tchourgoun, and had the upper end of the valley completely within their range. On the other side of the river, on the top of a hill, similar in every respect to those already described, they had on the same night an outpost composed of two companies of infantry, for whose greater security, considering their distance from their own lines, a small entrenchment had been thrown up.

#### THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE.

The Russian deserters had so often proved false prophets that people began to doubt all their stories, until on the evening of the 15th, three came to the camp of the Allies, and positively declared that an attack would be made in force on the following morning; and hardly had they ceased speaking, when General Altonville, commanding the French cavalry at Baidar, telegraphed that the heights around were covered with troops, and that he wished to retire, from the fear that he might be cut off, but could not, owing to the road being blocked up by some hundreds of commissariat wagons. He went on to give some details regarding the attack, which made it evident that he had likewise received some information, when a fog came on, and the telegraph ceased working. The Turks remained under arms all night, but, strange to say, the French, who were most of all interested in the matter, seem to have given themselves no trouble whatever about it, but went to bed, and slept tranquilly. A peloton of Chasseurs d'Afrique went out to patrol during the night, and on the other side of the river fell into an ambuscade, and were all made prisoners, except two men, who escaped, and gave the alarm; but even this was treated as one of the ordinary incidents of night duty in presence of the enemy.

#### DAYBREAK—COMMENCEMENT OF THE FIRE—THE PICKETS DRIVEN IN—REFULSE OF THE RUSSIANS.

About an hour before daybreak the Russian sentinels in front of the bridge thought they could perceive shadows gliding past them in the darkness, and fired. There was no reply, and silence deep as death followed. About the same time a few shots were heard from the hill occupied by the Piedmontese outpost; but, as the utmost stillness prevailed afterwards, on every side, no precautions were taken, till, just as the first streak of light made itself visible in the horizon, a sharp fire was opened from a party of skirmishers against the *tete-de-pont*, and a regular assault made upon the Sardinian picket. General della Marmora was already on the ground, and sent a battalion of Bersaglieri to reinforce the post, so that they might defend themselves till the troops could be got under arms, and the necessary arrangements made. When the reinforcements arrived, half the picket was already *hors de combat*, and the assailants were up on the parapet of the little redoubt, firing down into them. To prolong the conflict here would only have caused a useless massacre, and the Sardinians

consequently withdrew behind an *Embankment* on the other side of the river, near the aqueduct, and there defended themselves till the day broke clearly, and the attack became general. On the side of the French, the *détachement* was assailed in great force, and carried very soon after the enemy's first showing himself on the ground, notwithstanding the heroic resistance of the 20th Regiment of the Line, which, in one battalion alone, lost twelve officers. The bridge was now occupied, two batteries of artillery were brought across, so as to sweep the road leading between the two heights towards Balacava, and a strong column was pushed on to the assault and mounted the declivity. Strange to say, although General Pelissier had received full warning the previous night, he refused to believe in an attack until it actually commenced, and consequently no dispositions were made, and nobody was ready. The Russians had already reached the crest of the hill, while the French were still asleep; many officers were awakened by the round-shot passing through their tents; a sergeant had his head taken off while writing the orders of the day for the division. At this critical moment, two battalions alone of the 2nd Regiment of Zouaves held the whole assaulting column in check, and contested the ground, inch by inch, till they were forced back upon their own tents. In the meantime the alarm was sounding, the troops got into order, the artillery into position, and a vigorous onset drove the Russians down the declivity, leaving it covered with their dead and wounded.

All this, be it well remembered, occurred in the gray of the morning, when the smoke of the action converted into something like positive darkness, leaving everybody as yet in complete ignorance as to the force they had to contend with, or the dangers they had to bear.

#### A LULL—THE VALLEY OF THE TCHERNAYA—DISPOSITION OF THE CONTENDING ARMIES.

In the short pause which followed, however, and during which both sides prepared for a renewal of the struggle, the sun came out from behind the hills, the smoke rose, and the valley of the Tchernaya lay before us like a picture. The tract of table-land lying at the foot of the Mackenzie heights was covered with masses of cavalry, infantry, and artillery. About 30 guns were ranged in a crescent outside the bridge, and thundered unceasingly against the French position. On the hill from which the Piedmontese picket had been driven were crowds of men around a battery of field artillery, which fired incessantly. They had previously shelled two battalions of Turks encamped in the hollow near the Woronzow road, and forced them to retire. This retrograde movement was the only part the latter bore in the whole affair; but it is right to add they were under arms already, in case the positions had been attacked. The Piedmontese were drawn up in line behind a small eminence close to the ford on the Tcheourgoun road, and their batteries on the heights to the right were vigorously replying to the Russian fire; the three divisions of French, Camous, Herbillon, and Fauchaux were under arms, front line a little way back from the brow of the hill, and a great number of Zouaves were lying down in shelter behind a small ridge. Below, on the plain, along the hollow on which the English light horse died so gallantly last winter, every turf beneath their feet a soldier's sepulchre, were ranged the English and French cavalry, squadron after squadron, extending back nearly to the Turkish redoubts, ready to act in case the enemy should force the Piedmontese position and attempt to debouch upon the open ground behind. The pinnas of the Lancers fluttered gaily in long lines in the fresh morning breeze, and when the sun rose high in glory and poured down its rays full on the plain, making scarlet look redder, and steel and brass brighter and more resplendent, gliding the hill-tops, making the tents glitter, and rolling smoke and mist in great packs up the valley towards Inkermann, the scene became one of passing splendour as well as of passing interest. We looked in breathless anxiety for the renewal of the conflict. The combatants had taken breath—their blood was up, for hundreds on both sides lay already stark and stiff on the river side around the bridge, and the artillery evidently was simply playing an interlude till the curtain rose upon another act in the tragedy.

#### THE SCENE ON THE BANKS OF THE AQUEDUCT.

We were not kept long waiting. From behind the cloud of smoke which naturally hung around the Russian batteries came two large columns of the enemy, marching in quick time, about 200 yards apart and exactly parallel, a short distance from the river, and in a line with the bank. As they wound and twisted, mounted and descended, following the inequalities in the ground in long compact masses, their bayonets glancing in the sunlight, they looked exactly like two huge serpents creeping rapidly along, their scales glistening, and their prey in sight. On arriving within about 800 yards of the ford, one halted, and the other turned off abruptly towards the river. It was evident they were about to assail the French position more to the right, on the side next the Sardinians. On reaching the water, some passed on small bridges hastily thrown over, the rest forced, and on gaining this side, the column broke into loose order, and pushed on towards the canal or aqueduct, which rises within an embankment at the very foot of the hill. Before reaching it, they had to traverse about 200 yards of smooth green sward; they were no longer exposed to the French artillery, because the guns could not be depressed sufficiently to reach them, but they had their flank turned to that of the Piedmontese, who had got the range to an inch, and fired with an accuracy little short of marvellous. The head of the column had hardly come up dripping from the water, when they found themselves in the midst of a storm of round shot, grape, and shell, bent upon relentlessly, unrelaxingly, mowing them down by the score, and covering the survivors with clay and gravel. Still, however, these survivors bore up right gallantly, marched firmly onward and upward, passed the canal, though the water was breast high, pushed some yards still on the precipitous side of the hill, though here every wound was mortal, for all who fell rolled helplessly downwards into the aqueduct, and were instantly drowned; but at last halted, turned, and fled—never stopping till they reached the river, when they got shelter under the banks and amongst the old willows. An officer remained for some time alone on the declivity, vainly urging them to follow him. Reinforcements now came up from the second column; they re-formed, but again in loose open order, or rather no order at all, for they marched exactly like a flock of sheep. This was done evidently so that they might present less mass for the artillery to play upon, but it was a great mistake, as will be seen afterwards. This time they displayed more pluck and resolution; they fell to be sure by the dozen, but they never wavered nor faltered, climbed on slowly and laboriously, and at last reached the crest of the hill, and came out on the level. When the head of the column attained this point, the Zouaves, who were lying down behind the ridge on the Russian left, jumped up and ran off to join the main body, posted near the artillery on the centre of the plateau, and at the same moment the whole of the French, the Artillery included, retired about a hundred yards before the advancing enemy. The firing had ceased, except broken and puny file-firing from the assailants, who now, unable to form in line, and mixed up in disorder, doubtless perceived they should have either mounted in line, or halted and deployed before coming out on the open ground above. One could see them, it is true, falling back on all sides, and closing up into a small round mass, but in the twinkling of an eye the mass opened out like a fan, two black lines shot from it on each side across the plateau, the centre closed up, divided itself, and the next moment a sheet of flame broke from the whole line, followed by a cloud of smoke, and the crash of the musketry fell on our ears in a long, continuous, unflinching whirr, like the noise of a waterfall, drowned every second by the mightier thunder of the artillery, which had made half a wheel to the right, and raked the crest of the hill with a tempest of grape. Strongly as one's sympathies might be engaged for the French, it was impossible to repress for the moment a sentiment of pity, as one looked upon the crowd of Russians looming out through the smoke, as it rolled across them, feebly returning the fire, unable to advance, afraid to retreat, ten thousand deaths in front—ten thousand more behind—help and hope nowhere. They paused for a few seconds, seemed to hesitate, but were speedily relieved from all embarrassment as to the course they should pursue by the advance of the French, whose cheer rang merrily through the morning air as they levelled their bayonets and rushed to the charge.

#### THE RETREAT.

The Russians gave one "hurrah," as if they intended to come up to the scratch, but, instead of suiting the action to the word, they wheeled about and flung themselves down the hillside in complete disorder, the Sardinian

artillery again playing upon them as before. Some hundreds threw down their arms and surrendered to the French, sooner than run the gauntlet once more across the aqueduct and the river. The remnant of the column got under cover on the other side of the stream, and remained there for some minutes, until two battalions of Piedmontese came out upon the plain, and, throwing out skirmishers, advanced upon the river. The Russians now retired in haste, and not in very good order, skirmishing as they went, until they reached the high ground on which their cavalry and the reserve of their artillery were stationed. During the pursuit the Piedmontese made some prisoners. The moment was propitious for a charge of cavalry, who might have cut them up completely.

Major Grove, the second on the Sardinian *état-major*, accordingly brought down their four squadrons, but the Colonel objected to charge in face of the Russian cavalry force, fully five thousand in number, unless he were supported by French or English. A message was accordingly sent to General Maurice, the French general commanding the cavalry, requesting him to push forward a body of his men in the rear of the Piedmontese, but he declined, alleging that he had positive orders not to pursue, having returned a similar answer to a similar request on the part of General Herbillon, who commanded on the heights. This is extraordinary, but true, and the only thing one can say about it is to express a hope that there was some good reason for it not visible at first sight. The greater part of the Russian artillery now retired, followed up for a short distance by the French *Chasseurs de Vincennes*: the cavalry then advanced in an immense line, forming a crescent, from out of which issued three guns, which fired away to protect the retreat, till the last column had wound its weary way up the road to Mackenzie's Farm, or disappeared amongst the hills towards Soulion.

#### THE DEMONSTRATION TOWARDS BAIDAR.

During the attack on the Tchernaya there was likewise a demonstration towards Baidar. The French cavalry had retired during the night preceding the attack and during the early part of the morning, and had occupied the ridge on which Count Tserawsky's villa is situated at the entrance of the valley, while the two battalions of infantry, which had been down for the protection of the passes, retired on the hills above Brujak Miskonisa. They had scarcely gone off when two hundred Cossacks came down into the valley and picked up everything the French had left behind them—a number of bullocks, some biscuits, rice, and 140 loads of hay. Content with this plunder, they retired again to the heights.

#### OUR ARTIST AT THE BATTLE-FIELD OF TCHERNAYA.

Camp before Sebastopol, Transport Corps of the Light Division. "JOHNNY RUSSE" has made another attack—has had another thrashing—another victory gained to the Allies—and the battle of the Tchernaya fought. Some short time since I sent you two sketches of the village of Tcheourgoun, and the other of a bridge over the Tchernaya. If not already published, these two sketches will be very interesting just now, as the places have been the scenes of the hottest fights. The battle was commenced by the Russians coming down in bodies of cavalry and infantry, some 40,000 strong. They left their position on the heights above the valley, and made the attack at three o'clock a.m. The night was fine, but very dark, so that the Sardinian pickets, at the outposts, were not aware of their advance until they were so close that escape was a difficulty. The fire of the muskets of the Sardinian pickets, as they retreated, alarmed the camp of the French and Sardinians stationed here, and the men were under arms at once; but before they were ready to receive them, the enemy had pressed forward, slaughtering and driving the pickets before them. On reaching the Tchernaya bridge, they were met by an immense volley of round-shot—this made dreadful havoc among them; but they pressed forward with great determination, crossed the bridge of the Tchernaya, and went onward some hundreds of yards beyond, as the dead and wounded, which cover this part of the ground, show. When they reached this distance, the fire of the Allies was so furious that the Russians were obliged to retire, which they did in tolerable order.

At present I have not been able to get any very authentic information; but from what I can glean, the Sardinians have suffered very considerably in the action, and in this their first fight have fought well and bravely—holding their position with much judgment. The French, also, have done their best; but their loss, considering the number engaged, and the strong reinforcements they received from the *Corps d'Armée*, has been but small. The scene of action lay mostly in the Valley of the Tchernaya, and a capital view was to be obtained from the heights, on which this division is situated. I will, by the next post, send you a view of this valley, and of the troops retreating in order. They retreated up the heights, above Inkermann town.

I went down into the valley, where the sight, as you may imagine, after such a retreat, was something dreadful—numbers of dead and dying were lying in all directions. The extraordinary position in which these men die, has been described in the battles of Inkermann and Balacava; and certainly I have had ocular proof of its accuracy—some were dying with their faces upward, and their hands clenched and arms bent upwards, as if in the act of sparring; others with an arm straight in the air, where it had stiffened; many seemed to have died instantly, and were lying flat on their faces, as though they had been shot down and died without a struggle; some of the wounds were terrible, and the effects of the shot most dreadful. One instance that came under my own observation was that of two French soldiers, who lay side by side, both with their arms torn off at the shoulders by the same shot. By the bridge there were three Russian soldiers; the first of whom had his face carried away by a shot, which had then passed on and struck another in the breast; went on again, tearing the third one's abdomen open. These things are almost too horrible to relate; but how much more painful to witness, with the wounded lying thick around, within the distance of a few yards!

The sight which most affected me was that of the poor wretches who were wounded and dying—most of them delirious. It was dreadful to see the agony they suffered. The cry everywhere was for water; this cry might have been misunderstood, but the action was unmistakable: the tongue thrust out of the mouth, and the act of drinking imitated; luckily there was plenty of water near at hand, with which their wants could be satisfied. One poor fellow—a miserable wretch at the best of times—whined out to me as I passed, for all of them have a most whining manner of speaking; they were not the sullen, dogged men one had heard of, but were humble and supplicating to the last degree. He wanted water; he spoke thick and was panting very much, but whenever his choking would allow him utterance, it was the one cry for water. I took his canteen and filled it at the well, and brought it to him; he rose up and seized it, but the action gave him great pain, as he immediately fell back with a cry, and an agonised expression of countenance. I then poured some water down his throat as he lay, but it was useless. There were dozens more that claimed your compassion in the strongest manner. All were of one cast of countenance, and that decidedly ugly, with faces almost of the negro cast, with pug noses and blue eyes, and the face much wrinkled at the cheek, with short, light sandy hair, and ragged, long moustaches. They wear no beard, so that with their low, flat forehead, they presented a strong contrast to the fine head of the bearded "Zouave," who lay side by side with them. It was not dangerous upon this occasion to walk amongst these wounded Russians, as they were all deprived of their arms, whether by the authorities or not I do not know; and there were many soldiers going about the field—both English and French—ransacking the bodies, and collecting any trophy which they could lay hold of.

I made my way towards the picket house situated on a rising ground. I send a sketch of it, as it was remarkable for the number of dead lying near it; it had been held by 100 French troops, numbers of whom lay round it; there were some prisoners here, too. In the sketch, the background is the Tchernaya Valley, with the Inkermann gorge where the hollows are in the distant hills; but the principal scene of action is more to the right, and by the next post I will send a sketch of this. The French were very kind to the wounded, and gave them water and bread, and did any little thing that they wished with such willingness, that it was delightful to see it. I will also send, if I am allowed to take it, a sketch of the bridge where so much was done; I say if I am allowed, for while tak-

ing the sketch of the picket-house, luckily—when I had finished it—I was taken prisoner by the French, and marched off a full mile out of the way to the camp, where I was handed over to the tender mercies of their Colonel. Well, he let me go, or I should not have been able to have penned this note to you. It is very late, so I will conclude, and by next post I will see if I can give more information of the day's proceedings.

#### SARDINIAN AND RUSSIAN OFFICIAL ACCOUNTS.

##### GENERAL MARMORA'S DESPATCH.

August 17th, 1855.

"At break of day our outposts stationed on the Mamelon which commands Tcheourgoun were enveloped in a well-sustained fire of artillery, which proceeded from three batteries opposite to the breastworks by which our outposts were covered, and on the two Mamelons further to the right, which form the two banks of the Soulion. They were at the same time vigorously charged by three Russian columns, which came on with fixed bayonets, and attacked our breastworks in front and rear. The men composing these columns carried ladders with them to scale the parapets. The preconcerted signal of alarm was immediately given; and the troops took up the positions which had been assigned to them in anticipation of this attack."

"The enemy, repulsed at all points, commenced his retreat. One column, which appeared to me to consist of a division, retreated by the valley of the Soulion. Another division, the one which had attacked our outposts and the French right in the morning, fell back upon the zig-zag Mamelon; while a third division followed the road which leads to Mackenzie's Farm."

"I took advantage of this state of things to re-occupy with my troops the zig-zag Mamelon; in which design I succeeded perfectly, in spite of the imposing force which the enemy still retained on that point. In the meantime, three battalions of Turkish troops advanced into the Valley of Tcheourgoun, to replace the battalion of Cialdini's brigade, which was occupying the heights of Karlovka."

"Later in the day I crossed the Tchernaya with four squadrons, and marching in a parallel line with the zig-zag Mamelon, came upon the old Russian redoubt, whence I could easily discern, at a little distance before us, a very fine array of regular cavalry, supported by horse artillery. It was distributed in twelve separate bodies, and must have been composed of at least fifty squadrons. This cavalry did not fall back on Mackenzie's Road till the whole of the infantry and artillery had effected their retreat."

"The losses sustained by our troops, a portion only of whom was engaged, were very considerable. They amount to about two hundred men placed *hors de combat*; and I impute the fact of our not having lost more men mainly to the works with which we fortified our position, and to the batteries of heavy guns which you were so obliging as to lend us for their defence. It is, however, my painful duty to announce to your Excellency that Count Montevoglio, the general commanding the Fourth Brigade, is mortally wounded; a ball passed through his chest."

##### RUSSIAN OFFICIAL DESPATCH.

Prince Gortschakoff writes as follows to the Russian Minister at War:—"According to the plan arranged, Lieutenant-General Liprandi had orders, with the left wing, to drive in the Sardinian advanced-guard posted on the right bank of the Tchernaya, in front of Tcheourgoun, and then to prepare to attack Hasfort Hill. Aide-de-Camp General Read, in command of the right wing, was to form his troops in order of battle out of *en non-range*; to push forward a large force of artillery to cannonade the Fedukhine Hills, and to be in readiness to attack them; but both these generals were directed not to commence the attack till they had received express orders from me."

"My purpose was, after having driven in the Sardinian advanced-guard and closely reconnoitred the Sardinian position, either to attack them by General Liprandi's infantry, supported by General Read's and the reserves (leaving only the artillery before the Fedukhine Hills, supported by numerous cavalry); or, if the attack of Hasfort Hill should appear too hazardous, to make an attack on the Fedukhine Hills by General Read's troops, supported by Liprandi's infantry and the general reserve of that arm; or, lastly, to confine myself to a strong reconnaissance, if one and the other should offer too many difficulties."

"On the 16th, at four in the morning, General Read, conformably to the above plan, formed in line of battle opposite the Fedukhine Hills, opening against them a very sharp fire of artillery; and Lieutenant-General Liprandi advanced his force in two columns."

"The attack was as follows:—

"The 12th Division of Infantry, under the command of Major-General de Martiana, advanced rapidly on the Tchernaya, got possession of the *détachement*, crossed the river and the aqueduct canal by flying bridges hastily thrown over, rushed on to the western summit of the Fedukhine Hills, drove in the enemy, and following at his heels into the eight-gun battery established on the slope of the hill, became masters of it."

"The 7th Division, under the command of Lieutenant-General Ouschakoff, advancing almost at the same time to the right of the 12th, likewise crossed the Tchernaya and the aqueduct canal below the stone bridge, and drove in the enemy."

"Meanwhile the number of the enemy's troops on the other side of the Tchernaya was progressively augmented by the arrival of fresh reinforcements from Mount Sapone. I then saw that the affair was taking an unexpected turn; and giving up the projected attack by the left wing on Hasfort Hill, I moved the 5th Division towards the stone bridge, and, on the left, sent against the eastern summit the three regiments of the 17th Division, which till that moment had been occupying the Telegraph Hill."

"These troops did not reach the Tchernaya till the enemy, who had attacked the 7th and 12th Divisions of infantry with very superior numbers, had forced them to withdraw to this side of the river."

"The 5th Division repulsed the assailants from the bridge, and pursued them to the extremity of the first rise on the hill. The three regiments of the 17th Division of infantry, which had rapidly pushed beyond the river and the canal, drove in the enemy's troops nearest to the most distant branch of the Fedukhine Hills; but seeing the retreat of the 7th and 12th Divisions, they also retired to this side of the Tchernaya."

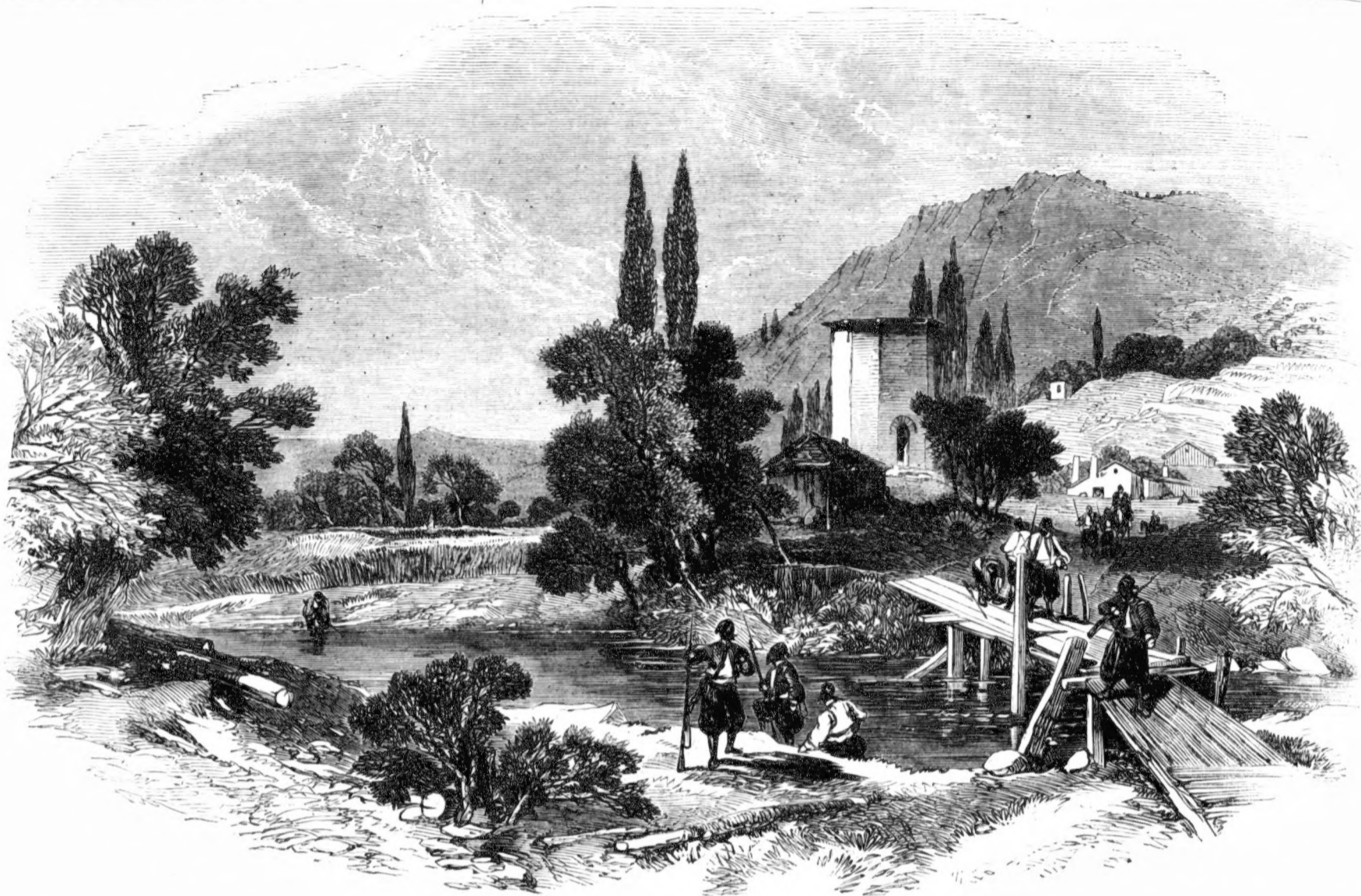
"General Read had been killed during these operations. Taking the command of the right wing in person, and seeing that the enemy already had 50,000 men in line on the Hasfort and Fedukhine Hills, and the space separating them, I did not deem it advantageous to renew the attack, and formed the troops in order of battle within short cannon-range of the Tchernaya, having my left wing on the Telegraph Hill, and my right wing, composed of cavalry, at the foot of the last slope of the Mackenzie Hills."

"I waited four hours in this position, hoping that the enemy, who had called in his troops, would cross the Tchernaya and come to attack us, when I should have received him with a powerful artillery, and then charged him with infantry and cavalry. But he did not dare to attempt it; and as the want of water would not permit me to remain longer there, I ordered the troops to regain the Mackenzie position."

"During the retreat, the enemy remained inactive, confining himself to occupying with his riflemen the banks of the Tchernaya, and the redoubt we had carried on the Telegraph Hill. So finished the action."

##### GENERAL READ MADE THE SCAPEGOAT.

At the time the foregoing despatch was made public, General Read, who commanded the Russian right wing, and had been severely wounded, was a prisoner in the hands of the French. After lingering a short time, he expired; and no sooner was Prince Gortschakoff aware of his decease, than he appears to have resolved that General Read should bear the blame of failure. In a subsequent report published in the *Invalide Russe*, the Prince says—"I proceeded to the redoubt on Telegraph Hill, to examine the ground in person, to give my final instructions for the operations of the troops, when I was startled by a violent platoon firing on our right wing. General Read, with his two divisions, had attacked the Fedukhine Heights. It is impossible for me to explain the motive which determined that General to make the attack contrary to the adopted plan, without having received my orders to do so, for very soon afterwards he himself and the chief of his staff were killed." Now, singularly enough, no notice is taken of this grave charge against General Read in the report of Prince Gortschakoff given above.



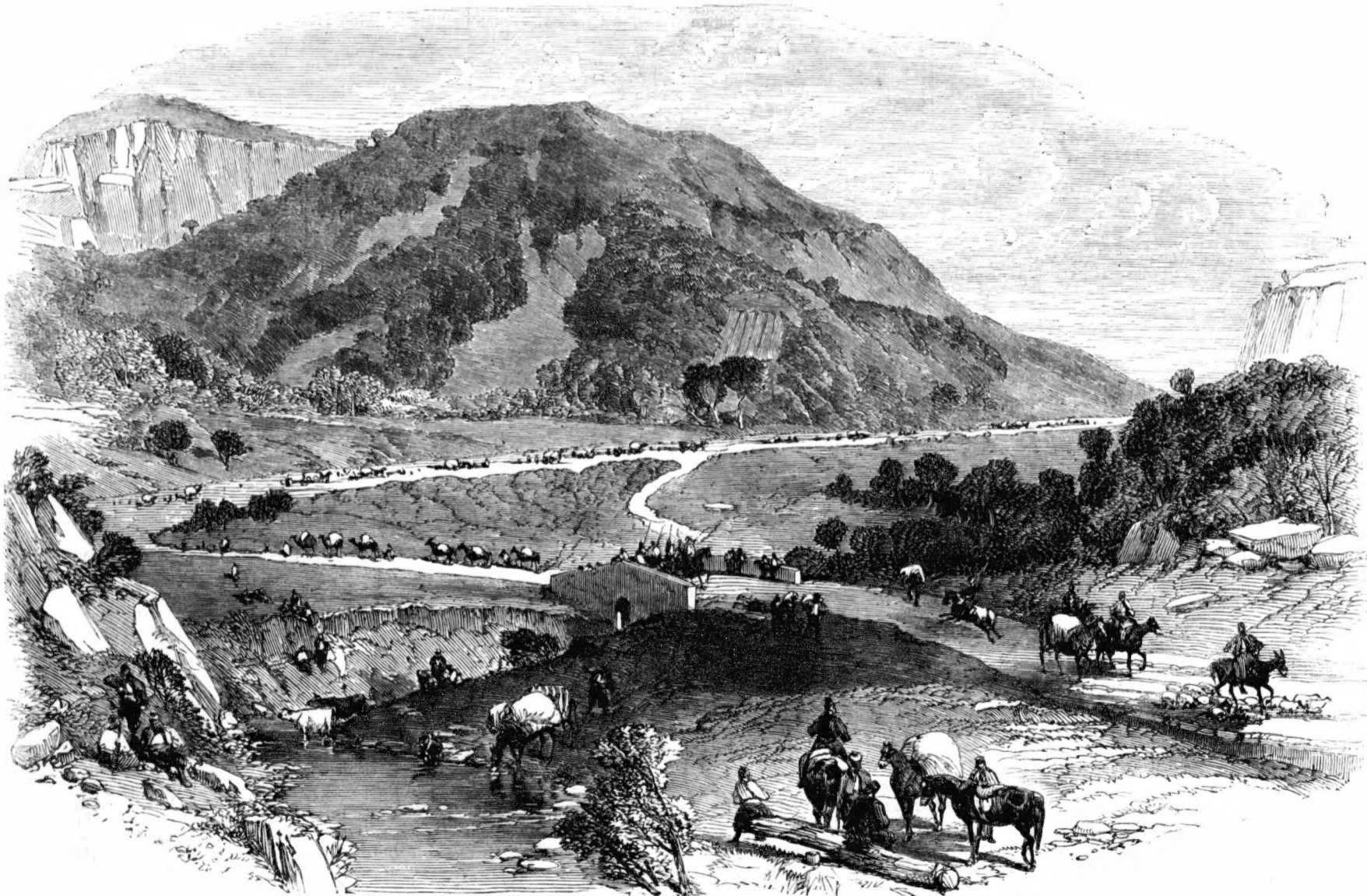
TCHOURGOUN, ON THE TCHERNAYA, NEAR THE SARDINIAN CAMP.—(SKETCHED BY JULIAN PORTCH.)

**TCHOURGOUN AND THE PASS OF BARGLAR.**

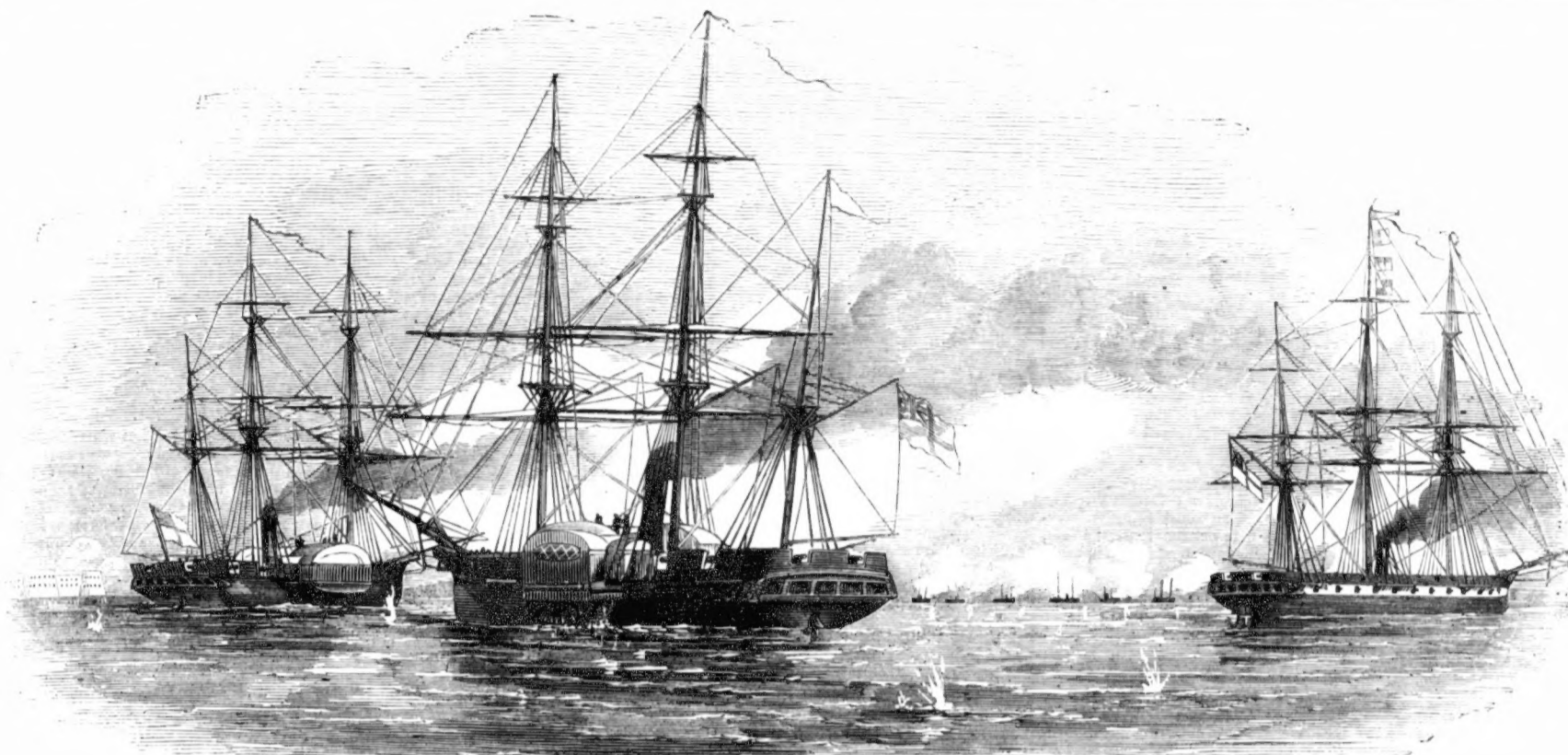
ALMOST every locality, every hill, valley, and winding stream in the vicinity of the seat of war in the Crimea, has become more or less interesting to those whose sympathies are enlisted in the struggle. Among other places, the Tchernaya river and the valley of the Tchernaya, utterly unknown to us a few months ago, even by name, are now as "familiar as household words." The river comes out from a narrow gorge, at the tower of Karlovka, and after leaving the valley of the Baidar, flows between a suc-

cession of hillocks which rise picturesquely on either side. Descending from the northern side of the plateau on which the Allied army is encamped, into the gorge through which the Tchernaya empties itself into the harbour of Sebastopol, and following the banks of the river upward, you come to a narrow valley with the Mackenzie Heights rising abruptly on your left, like tall cliffs on the sea shore, and, on your right, a row of small hills, extending, with greater or less intervals between them, to the ruinous village of Tchourgoun. The latter place, of which we give an illustration,

is quite a deserted village, but has the appearance of having seen better days. The fort, which appears among foliage, is of Genoese architecture, but is utterly destroyed internally, as also are the houses. A little to the right of the village is a camp of Sardinians. The other engraving represents the pass of Barglar, in the beautiful and picturesque valley of the Tchernaya. The road, which is seen running from right to left, and then crossing the mountain from left to right, is the celebrated Woronzow road, which goes on towards Baidar, which is about seven miles distant.



THE VALLEY OF THE TCHERNAYA.—THE PASS OF BARGLAR.—(SKETCHED BY JULIAN PORTCH.)



H.M.S. CENTAUR, BULLDOG, AND IMPERIEUSE, ENGAGED WITH SIX RUSSIAN GUNBOATS, OFF CRONSTADT, ON AUGUST 16.—(SKETCHED BY DR. MESSER.)

THE ENGAGEMENT OFF CRONSTADT ON AUG. 16.

We give above an engraving from an original sketch of the hostile demonstration, on the part of the Russians, on the morning of the 16th ult. Six of their largest steam gun-boats came out of port, standing directly towards the fleet, the crews of the latter being at the time employed aloft in making, shortening, shifting, and bending sails, by way of exercise. The *Imperieuse*, *Centaur*, and *Bulldog* were ordered to prepare to weigh and to slip their cables, and went away in chase, two of the line-of-battle ships at the same time getting up their steam to support the steamers, if necessary. The enemy for a while appeared to invite an engagement, but, as our steamers approached them, gradually edged into shoal water, but at the same time not keeping sufficiently near the land to give any chance of their being intercepted. The *Bulldog*, having got into position, opened fire from her large pivot gun at the bow, whereupon three of the Russian gun-boats put up their helms and got inside the shoals, where they were speedily joined by their consorts. Our steamers approached them as far as the depth of the water would permit, the *Bulldog* firing at them continually, her shot falling among them, but owing to the long range not touching them. The *Imperieuse* threw a broadside amid them and several shells, supported by the heavy guns of the *Centaur*, but apparently without hitting them, which was warmly responded to by the enemy, whose shot, however, evidently well directed, fell short of the mark. After a couple of hours, it was apparent that to continue the engagement longer would be a useless expenditure of ammunition, and the recall was hoisted to our steamships to return to their anchorage, the enemy following in their wake as far as they could do so with safety, and firing at them, but without effect. The Russians, being aware that the whole of the gun-boats had left the anchorage off Cronstadt, knew that our vessels could not get sufficiently near to do them any injury, otherwise they would, as heretofore, have kept under shelter of the shore batteries.

The following letter accompanied the sketch:—

"H.M.S. *Centaur*, off Cronstadt, Aug. 18th, 1855.

"I take advantage of an unexpected opportunity of forwarding to you a sketch taken during a brush with the enemy's gun-boats, (six in number) on the 16th inst., which lasted for an hour.

"In the morning the gun-boats made their appearance at about four miles from us, right in front of the harbour of Cronstadt, and near enough to their own forts to enable them easily to put themselves within the range of their guns.

"The *Imperieuse* (50 screw), *Bulldog*, and *Centaur*, were ordered to chase; as our steamers approached, the enemy retired under cover of Fort Risbank, which also opened fire upon us, but without any effect. We continued to exchange shots at a long range, without much damage being done on either side, until the Admiral recalled us.

"The houses and forts in Cronstadt were completely crowded with people watching the result. The mail-bag is about to close; you must therefore excuse me saying any more now.—Yours truly,

"J. C. MESSER."



A SCENE IN THE REFRESHMENT SALOON, DURING THE STATE BALL AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE.

# THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.—THE TCHERNAYA.

THE ENGLISH LOSS ON THE THREE DAYS' BOMBARDMENT.  
The loss sustained by our forces on the 17th, 18th, and 19th of August is said not to exceed 200, or, at most, 250 men *hors de combat*, beyond the usual average daily loss in the trenches. This is very little, especially if we bear in mind, that the Russian fire on the first day was really extremely violent. As to other damage, one or two batteries of our left attack suffered a little; our right scarcely anything. As regards the enemy, we may reasonably hope, although we do not too confidently reckon, that we have punished him pretty severely. Although earthworks take a deal of hammering before they show its marks, both the Redan and Malakhoff have a very battered appearance. We have of course no means of ascertaining the Russian loss of men. It is believed they sustained a very considerable one on the night of the 18th. Their fire became extremely brisk on that evening. Our people kept up the musketry against the Malakhoff to protect the French workmen, and shells and bouquets of shells were flying all along the lines from right to left—very pretty to look at, but unpleasant to meet. The night was dark, and the only light save that of the burning fuses which crossed each other in curves against the black sky, and that of the flashes from the rifles, proceeded from some carcasses which the French threw from time to time in order to see what they were about.

## ANOTHER SORTIE AGAINST THE MAMELON.

We have had an agitated night and morning (Aug. 25). There was a good deal of firing in the evening, which increased towards 1 o'clock, about which time a sortie was attempted by the Russians against the Mamelon, but promptly repelled. The firing was very heavy for a short time—as heavy as any night-firing that has been heard for a long time past. At 2 p.m. the Highland division marched to support the Sardinians. The whole army was under arms before daylight, an attack being fully expected, and General Simpson and his staff were out and round the lines. At this present time all is quiet, but the troops are ordered to be in readiness.

## ANTICIPATIONS.

The general opinion seems to be, that the Russians will make a second attempt on the Tchernaya line, combined probably with attacks on other points. It is thought they will come in great force, and it is therefore desirable that we should have strong reserves in readiness, in order that the ultimate triumph, on which we confidently reckon, may not be limited to the recapture of positions snatched by the first heavy onset of overwhelming numbers. Such an attack, promptly and vigorously met, ought to end in our wresting from the foe some solid advantage, perhaps even in the capture of the Malakhoff itself. Had we that, we should quickly be masters of the Redan and the Little Redan; it might take a few days to vanquish the resistance offered by the inner line of defence, but the issue of the contest, as regards the south of Sebastopol, would no longer be doubtful.

## UNWILLINGNESS OF RUSSIAN TROOPS TO FIGHT.

THERE are reports that the Russian soldiers fight very unwillingly, and that there is great difficulty in getting them forward. This did not appear to be the case with those who fought at the Tchernaya, but they were double-primed with brandy, and, moreover, comprised divisions that had just arrived. Many of the battalions who attacked that day had not been into Sebastopol at all. So at least the prisoners say. That those who have long been defending the place should be discouraged would not be surprising, but the chief evidence we have of it is that of a Polish officer, who came over on the 18th of August. Some of the prisoners taken at the Tchernaya are said to have inquired what had been the result of the attack on our trenches, and, on hearing that none had been made, to have expressed their surprise, as one had been intended simultaneously with that upon our right on the 16th ult. It is believed or supposed, that the unwillingness of the troops prevented the intended co-operation to be afforded in the shape of a sortie against our right and left attack.

## THE INTENDED SIMULTANEOUS ATTACK.

The results of the last action are more important than at first sight they seemed to be. From the accounts of the prisoners, and also from a plan of the attack found on the person of the slain general, the objects sought to be attained by this anticipated triumph were precisely the same (only acted on a different sphere) as those of the battle of Inkermann. The engagement was to have occupied two days. On the first day (16th) they intended to have attacked the covering army on the centre and left from the valley of Cholou towards Tchourgoun, and along the river of Tchernaya a division was told off on the extreme right to hold the Turks in check (had the Russians succeeded in the endeavour, this portion of the army would have been obliged to throw down their arms). When the line of skirmishers had driven in the Sardinians and crossed the river, they were to have been supported by heavy masses of infantry, supported by an overwhelming fire of artillery. The skirmishers on the Russian right having taken the little bridge and *lele-de-pont*, were to press up the hill, and, having been joined by their supports, to turn the French left, and effect a lodgment on the low hills which intersect the plain of the Tchernaya. At this point they would be joined by the force which had crossed the river under Tchourgoun, and, both united, were to have pushed to the edge of the hill nearest to the army on the heights above Sebastopol, and there to have entrenched themselves, erected their batteries, and fortified their position. This was to have been the programme of the first day's attack. From the second day's, greater results were anticipated, the army in the plain, having secured a good point d'appui on their right, were to have pressed forward on Balacava with their whole left, being seconded and assisted by a grand sortie and attack along the whole of our front from the garrison of Sebastopol. Judging from the surprise and disgust manifested by the prisoners at their repulse, they seemed to have calculated on a most decisive victory. One Russian officer in the hands of our Allies fell into a paroxysm of rage and frenzy on hearing the comparatively slight loss on the part of the Allies. "Great God," he exclaimed, "is it possible that the choicest troops of Russia are driven back and slaughtered in this manner by a handful of men?" The Russian soldiers seemed to have marched to action with a confidence of success. We hear that the priests had given them all absolution immediately before the engagement, and their officers assured them that if they succeeded in crossing the river and gaining the summit of the hill, their enemies would not be able to make any further resistance.

## LOSS OF THE RUSSIANS AND ALLIES AT THE TCHERNAYA.

A French officer was told off with a party to count the dead bodies as they were delivered. We hear 3,000 slain were delivered to the Russians. The French general calculates the enemy's loss at 8,000 *hors de combat*. This is probably about the mark, according to the rules for the proportion of the wounded and the slain. The loss of the allies amounts to about 1,000 killed and wounded. The French had a number of carts ready for the conveyance of the dead to the enemy, and they also were prepared in like manner for their reception. A number of Cossacks were sent to keep the ground; they wore the Russian military great-coat, and carried government firelocks instead of lances.

## ENGLISH SOLDIERS PLUNDERING THE DEAD.

Our soldiers distinguished themselves by the efficient manner in which they plundered the dead. The sailors belonging to the transports in the harbour seemed also to perform this task in a most efficient manner. Boots, great-coats, caps, and canteens were all equally acceptable to them, and within six hours after the fight none of the dead had anything on their persons except their shirts and drawers; they seemed for the most part remarkably muscular men, but with a care-worn appearance. The younger soldiers had very placid countenances in death, but the older ones died with a scowl of defiance, and seemed to have had a longer struggle. There was a French hussar who had been cut in two by a cannon-shot; he formed one of Bosquet's escort, and was standing close beside him at the time.

## VISITORS TO THE TCHERNAYA.

The Tchernaya has become, in consequence of the late attack, a point of attraction for all curiosity-seeking persons, whose name is legion, in the Allied armies. Officers and soldiers, although numerous enough, are few in proportion to the merchant sailors, sutlers from Balacava and Kamiesch, and other nondescript camp followers, who form a class of themselves, and are as sure to appear after an action as vultures do. Everything is acceptable. They have little chance of getting hold of medals, amulets, crosses, and other more valuable spoil, for these disappear marvellously;

but they are not particular. The greatest mania seems to prevail for muskets—nevertheless, cartridge boxes, riflemen's swords, bayonets, &c., are taken *faute de mieux*. But the getting of the arms is not always the most difficult part of the business, it is the getting them away, for there are gendarmes prowling about, who confiscate all arms, whether paid for or not, as, according to the regulations of the French army, they ought to be collected on the battlefield by the Artillery—a thing which is never done. There were some excellent rifles, with sword bayonets, which were in great request; they were, as all valuable things usually are, picked up mostly by the Zouaves, who certainly had the best right to them, having won them by their bravery. The Zouaves sold them, and the gendarmes took them away again, leaving the purchaser free to single out the Zouave who sold the rifle, and to get back his purchase-money.

## THE RUSSIAN ARMS—CLOTHING.

An attempt seems to have been made in the Russian army to supply the want of rifles they laboured under. A number of these new rifles were picked up, and, judging from appearance, they were equally as inefficient and quite as clumsy as their old muskets; they seemed for the most part to have been old muskets rifled and fitted with a sight after the Liege.

Probably there is no army in Europe so badly armed as the Russian. The Turkish army is immeasurably superior. The swords of the Russians seem as if made of the hoops of a barrel: one can bend them easily with the fingers. Then their muskets are long, awkward, unwieldy things, the stocks made of deal, painted black. They have no "half-cock," and their locks are so stiff as almost to require both hands to lift the hammer. The greater part of the muskets and rifles found were marked 1854, so in that branch of home manufacture they have made little progress. The greater part of their great-coats seemed to be quite new, and the Russian army seem to have marched and fought under a Crimean sun in the month of August clad in their great-coats and long boots.

## ANOTHER ATTEMPT TO TAKE THE ALLIES BY SURPRISE.

Between five and six o'clock on the afternoon of Aug. 21, the whole of the French batteries on the left suddenly opened a furious fire, to which the Russians warmly replied. General Pelissier, in his open carriage, with his aides-de-camp and usual Hussar escort, passed through the English camp and went up to Cathcart's Hill. The fire lasted until nightfall, and then diminished. During the night there was not much firing. At midnight it had almost ceased, and one saw but an occasional shell in the air. At two a.m. orders came for our army to turn out. This was rapidly done; the troops moved to the front, to their usual positions in such cases, and remained there until daylight. It appears, however, that the French turned out before we had orders to do so, and that then a line of telegraphic lights was observed in the Russian positions, commencing at Sebastopol and running along the Inkermann heights. It is said that the French got under arms in consequence of observing a Russian force in motion on the heights in question. Various rumours are abroad as to its object. From the present aspect of affairs, and notably from the change of place of the Imperial Guard, it seems probable that the French will operate particularly on the Tchernaya line, where they recently achieved so brilliant a success, and that the English will form the main force to be opposed to an attack proceeding from the town.

## CHANGES IN THE COMMAND.

General d'Herbillon commanded during the attack as senior general of division. Now, as the Imperial Guard has been added as a reserve to the troops on the Tchernaya, General Renaud de St. Jean d'Angely takes command of the whole as General d'un Corps d'Armée.

There is, besides, some talk of uniting the command of the allied troops on the Tchernaya in one hand. Notwithstanding the difficulties which such a plan must naturally offer, it would be an excellent measure if it could be carried out. The whole line from Baidar to Inkermann is so long, that even in the defence of it rapid dispositions may become necessary, which can only take place if one man command all along the line; but this becomes even much more necessary if—as, for instance, in the late attack—the routed enemies ought to be pursued, or if an offensive movement takes place on our side.

## CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN GENERAL PELISSIER AND PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF.

THE correspondents in the Crimea have borne witness to the inhumanity of the Russians after the battle of the 16th ult., in firing upon the parties sent from the French camp to collect the wounded. General Pelissier, writing to the French Minister of War on the subject, says:—

I have the honour to forward herewith a copy of the correspondence which has passed between me and Prince Gortschakoff respecting the removal of the wounded and the burial of the dead after the affair of Aug. 16.

The fire of the Russian batteries on Mackenzie heights had been unaccountably and wrongly directed upon our moveable ambulances, just as they had collected those of our adversaries who were still lying upon the field of battle after our Tirailleurs had ceased their fire. The commanders of those batteries have given an inadmissible explanation to their general, to whom I had reported their conduct. That conduct is not honourable to the enemy's artillery.

## GENERAL PELISSIER TO PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF.

Head Quarters, before Sebastopol, Aug. 17.

M. le General.—We have removed all the wounded near the river Tchernaya as far as we could approach, but your batteries on Mackenzie heights persist in playing upon the parties which we send forward, and we cannot pursue this operation in favour of the Russian soldiers who still lie on the field.

I point this out to your Excellency, in order that no one may hereafter be able to say that we have left the wounded without succour or the dead without burial.—Accept, &c.

Head Quarters before Sebastopol, August 18, 1855.

M. le General-en-Chief.—I hasten to inform you that your despatch, dated yesterday, has just reached me. Without losing a moment's time, I have given orders, by telegraph, to the general commanding upon the Tchernaya that the flag of truce shall be immediately displayed and maintained up to eight o'clock in the evening, if that should be necessary for the accomplishment of your intentions. Their realisation may perhaps be a little tardy, although I have had the honour to inform you by my letter (No. 92) that in spite of the pitiless fire of certain of your cannon, we have used our efforts to succour your wounded, and to bury a great part of your dead. I have not yet received the number of all that have been taken away from the field by our men; but up to this moment, 31 officers and 1,620 sous-officiers and soldiers have been admitted into the ambulances of the French army.—Accept, &c.

## PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF TO GENERAL PELISSIER.

Sebastopol, August 7 (19).

Monsieur le Commandant-en-Chief.—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of the successive communications which your Excellency has been pleased to address to me, bearing date the 17th and 18th inst. I beg your Excellency to receive my best thanks for the care which you have taken of our wounded; but I must at the same time inform you, that the chiefs of the Mackenzie batteries have declared to me that they did not fire upon your advanced posts on the Tchernaya, except in reply to the fire of the French Tirailleurs, in spite of the energetic and sustained efforts of their officers, directed against those of our men who repaired, after the combat, to the borders of the river, for the purpose of carrying away our wounded and dead from the scene of action. It is impossible to state precisely from which side proceeded the first shots. The chiefs of the advanced posts could not deviate from their general instructions—to fire upon the enemy—without receiving special instructions to that effect. It belongs only to the superior chiefs to allay by exceptional measures the useless sufferings which war entails, and which I am glad to do your Excellency the justice to say you take every pains to soften.—Receive, &c.

MICHEL GORTSCHAKOFF.

## THE TURKS AT EUPATORIA.

On the 15th ult., the *fête* Napoleon was celebrated by a grand review of both the French and the Turkish troops, and by a sham attack upon the intrenchments. The shipping in the bay was dressed in flags, and the circumstance that the French vessels used only the tricolour called forth some remark and excited some amusement.

About five or six o'clock in the morning a reconnaissance had been made by the enemy, but not in sufficient force to give any idea that the anticipated shams might be converted into reality. A Russian force of about 2,000 men, cavalry and infantry, approached from the direction of the village of Sak, towards a redoubt garrisoned by the French, and close to the dismantled wreck of the *Henry IV*. French and Turkish troops went out to meet them, and the *Vauban* French war steamer moved along by the shore to co-operate with the land force; but the enemy, on seeing these preparations, instantly retreated.

On the 16th, the Duke of Newcastle paid the Turks a flying visit. His Grace arrived in the *Banshee*, attended by Colonel Rose, about nine in the morning; and horses having been obtained for him, he rode round the fortifications under the guidance of Redschid Bey, the chief of the police. The circuit was quickly made; and the Duke, having returned on board the *Banshee*, got up steam and departed for Kamiesch.

There had been, at the above date, arrivals by several transport ships of biscuit, rice, and flour, as a dole from the British Government to the starving Tartars, who, however, speedily converted their allotted rations into raki; while the provisions are so far superior in quality to anything that can be obtained at Eupatoria, that purchasers are to be found in abundance, and the price demanded, especially for the biscuit, has rapidly risen in the bazaars. Throughout the summer the Tartars, who came in from the neighbouring villages, have been fed upon the hard, brown, Turkish biscuit, and they have died—nominally from fever or cholera, but really from starvation—sometimes at the rate of 150 a day. But they resolutely refused to enter the Turkish hospitals, asserting that the Turkish hakeims drank all the good physic themselves; and they buried their dead, and returned to their wretched hovels to await their own time. Latterly, however, the mortality has not been so great; but still the scenes of wretchedness to be witnessed in the outskirts of the town are such as almost to defy description.

## THE WAR IN ASIA.

THE news from Kars is of the 4th, and is less alarming than before. Letters from Erzerum speak of the approaching retreat of the Russians. The Russian General feared that the army of Batoum, which is to be commanded by Omar Pacha, would cut off his retreat by advancing on Tiflis. The following bulletin is published by the Government:—"On the 4th, at 7 a.m., the Russians advanced with the whole of their forces against the intrenchments of Kars, and made an attack on the battery of Khlanly-Talia. A contest between the artillery commenced and lasted two hours. The Russians, who lost a great number of men, retreated. Besides the dead and wounded they took off, they left on the field more than 100 men." The letter adds that a Russian General was killed, and that one of their guns was so injured that it had to be abandoned. In this affair the Ottoman troops are said to have displayed great bravery, and, owing to the position they occupied, lost but few men. After a combat which took place at Kepri-Keui, and in which Kerim Pasha distinguished himself, the Russians recrossed the Soghlanli-Dagh; "so that," says the letter "Erzerum is completely relieved."

## THE BALTIC FLEET.

DESTRUCTION OF RUSSIAN SHIPPING AND MAGAZINES AT BRANDON.

DESPATCHES were received at the Admiralty on Tuesday last, from Rear-Admiral Dundas, of which the following is an extract from the enclosure of Capt. H. C. Otter, of H.M.S. *Firefly*, before Brandon, the seaport of Wasa, in the Gulf of Bothnia:—

"On arriving within two miles from Brandon, a telegraph was observed on a small island in Korsham Fiord, signalling with three large balls, and on pulling in towards it, two men in a boat pushed off from the land with a flag of truce; fortunately I did not fire, for the flag was so large, I mistook it for the boat's mainsail, and concluded they were trying to escape.

"This very improper opportunity of using a flag of truce could not be recognised, and I ordered the telegraph to be cut down, but released the men and their boat.

"No time was now to be lost, as the signal had been answered from the main; I therefore pushed on with all expedition, and on rounding the east point of Wasklot, observed the object of our search in the mud, which with little difficulty was got off, and towed out of range of any guns that could be brought to bear. The prize proved to be the *Vides*, of 300 tons, with from 200 to 300 casks of tar on board.

"At midnight two Russian deserters came on board, and stated the troops had moved off to Wasa, on seeing the boats approaching, thinking an attack was contemplated on that place.

At 8.30 p.m. I weighed, and proceeded towards Brandon, the seaport of Wasa, and a great ship-building place; it had immense magazines on an island, separated by a very narrow deep water channel from the town, with a custom-house and barracks.

At midnight, anchored within 400 yards of the town, and sprung the broadside to enfilade the channel and protect the boats, which were sent under Lieutenant Ward to examine the magazines. Some of them were opened, and found to be empty; others contained coal, tar, resin, salt, spars, anchors, and cables, boats, salt-dish, hawsers, and numerous piles of 3-inch deals, but no sails or rigging, as we were led to expect. On a few of the principal inhabitants joining us on the island, they were told that the sails of the barque must be given up, and they immediately sent to Wasa to Mr. Wolf, a wealthy merchant and shipowner, but he refused. I therefore determined to burn the magazines; but as the wind was blowing directly on the town, I agreed to wait a reasonable time until a change took place, and gave the inhabitants notice that they were at liberty to remove anything from the island that belonged to them, except ship's stores. For this forbearance they expressed themselves very grateful.

Towards the afternoon, Lieutenant Burstall brought in a schooner, and reported having discovered two fine barques and two brigs in a creek a mile and a half distant.

"As the wind was still on the shore, and the destruction of the town inevitable had the magazines been fired, I directed the schooner to be hauled close in to the island, and a working party to put some casks of tar and deals into her. Everything had the appearance of security; ladies were walking about the beach, parties of pleasure sailing round the ship, and the people employed taking their property from the island.

"At 8 p.m. I landed to communicate with the first lieutenant, and had just visited the sentry placed on a building platform, when a heavy fire of musketry, from different parts of the town, was opened upon the working party and the ship, and was immediately replied to by the latter with shot and shell, which appears to have done great execution.

"The deck of the schooner was so enfiladed that it was impossible to get on board for the arms; and had it been practicable to do so, not a man could be seen from her to fire at. Providentially, all escaped on board uninjured; and Mr. Bull having returned in the paddle-box boats, with a fine barque in tow, a fire from the four guns and was kept up so hot, that in about an hour and a half the fusillade from the shore nearly ceased.

"At midnight I moved the ship into a better position for sinking the schooner; and the bows being nearly driven in by the shot, I proceeded to the destruction of the barque and two brigs before the enemy could rescue them: this was successfully performed.

"It was ascertained afterwards, from two different sources, that the enemy had 25 killed, and from 4 to 18 wounded. The injury appears to have been inflicted chiefly by the first three shots, whilst the troops were drawn up abreast of the ship.

"On our side I am thankful to report, that no more serious casualties occurred than a man and boy being struck with spent balls.

"During the 6th and 7th the weather was so wet and boisterous that it was impossible to act against the enemy; but I ascertained during the night, that reinforcements had arrived to the amount of 200 or 300 sharpshooters and Cossacks, with several guns.

"On the morning of the 8th, the weather being moderate, I took up a position 1,500 yards from the magazine, and the same distance from a battery of four guns, and opened fire upon the latter, which not being returned, I commenced firing red hot shot at the magazines.

"At 2.30 p.m., smoke began to issue from the houses; and Lieutenant Ward, having volunteered to try and cut out the schooner, pushed in with the paddle-box boat, and with great gallantry drove the soldiers three times out of the woods, but ultimately was obliged to retire before an overwhelming force, secreted in the Custom House. The boat was struck in several places, but I am thankful to say not a man was hurt.

"At 8 p.m. the principal magazines being all in a blaze, and their destruction inevitable, I closed the battery to 1,000 yards, but still receiving no return (though both guns and soldiers could be seen), and the ammu-

nition nearly expended, I was backing out, when suddenly several heavy guns, from an elevated position, masked by trees, opened fire, chiefly with shells, and at the same time the whole force of riflemen—and the power of these weapons may be imagined, when I mention that a ball cut a spar on the bridge, two inches thick, at a distance of 1,500 yards.

"It is with the greatest pleasure I have to speak of the coolness of the officers and men at this trying juncture; the narrowness of the channel and shoalness of the water (at the most 2½ fathoms), rendered it injudicious to attempt turning the *Firefly* round, and she was slowly backed astern 14 miles before she was out of range, an evolution which, from the lightness of the wind, was not performed under 40 minutes."

STATE OF THE GUN-BOATS.

The English mortar-boats were still, on the 1st inst., at Helsingfors, awaiting further orders; but the shipwrights and builders who had an opportunity of examining them there, are in astonishment at their defects, and express their wonder that the English Admiralty should send such frail vessels into waters like those of the Baltic. They certainly cannot be employed again this year, as they look to be completely shaken.

The *Sausporeil*, which recently arrived at Kiel with an enormous cargo of projectiles for the English fleet, has put to sea on her return to England, positive orders to that effect having arrived by telegraph. This looks as if further naval operations in the Baltic are remitted to next spring.

THE RECENT ATTACK ON SWEABORG.

Respecting the bombardment of Sweaborg, the Russian report of the affair admits a loss of as many as 400 men killed, and about 1,200 wounded, which, judging from the vast quantity of shell projected into so small a space, crowded, as it appears to have been, with 12,000 troops, does not appear at all exaggerated. Of the destruction of the 180 gun-boat sheds there is no doubt, and the demolition of vast quantities of stores, materiel, and barracks, with the addition of five hulks, which were used as receiving ships and barracks for troops as well as blue jackets, is confirmed.

Although everything of an inflammable matter was burnt, and two batteries were destroyed by the explosion of the magazines, still the actual fortifications are standing, and probably on a nearer acquaintance may prove as effective as ever.

The accounts from off Nargen, bearing date August 28, state that the French Admiral sent a Russian, as a spy, on shore, near Sweaborg, to ascertain the casualties, and what damage had been done in the late attack against it. The spy returned on the 27th, with the news that all the Government stores and the dockyard were completely destroyed, 23 ships burned by the shells, and 2,000 men killed and wounded during the bombardment; all the powder magazines have been exploded, and the governor's house and several other buildings burned down; a three-deck line-of-battle ship has likewise suffered so much from shot that she filled with water and sank.

THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF RUSSIA.

A WELL-INFORMED Vienna paper contains an article on the consequences of the war to Russia, which merits the more attention as the writer is evidently without prejudice in favour of the Western Powers. After observing that the Allies have not yet succeeded in obtaining any decisive advantage "in the field" over their enemy, the Austrian journalist says:—"But still the most influential persons in the Russian empire must be extremely desirous to bring the war to a close." The reasons why such should be the case, are thus given:—"The strict blockade maintained by the Allies has entirely interrupted the Russian export trade, excepting on the frontiers towards East Prussia, Posen, and Galicia. That some part of the raw produce of Russia still finds its way into Prussia and Austria is certain, but Russia has few high roads, and consequently her corn, hemp, tar, tallow, wool, and linseed have always been sent there by sea. Many of the manufactures in the interior are standing still, and, as a consequence, her trade with Central Asia and Persia is almost stagnant. The continual levies impoverish the noble landed proprietors, whose serfs are their only capital; but still they are expected to pay the same amount of taxes as they did before the war commenced. The precious metals have entirely disappeared, and the paper currency is greatly deteriorated. The last loan was raised with extreme difficulty, and it is now the question of a forced one. At a moderate calculation, the war has already cost 600,000,000 of florins. "These," concludes the writer, "are a few of the reasons why Russia wishes for peace."

Le Nord has a correspondent at Hamburg, who has long lived in Russia, and who now feels specially called upon to reply to the "insinuations and misrepresentations" of the French and English press, more particularly as to the effects of the war on Russia. He says:—

"People form an erroneous idea of the effects that the war is producing in the interior of the country, and the reason of their doing so, is because they persist in applying to Russia the standard which obtains in the West. A degree of material suffering that would appear insupportable in England or France, will make but little impression on the thick hide of a people less advanced in civilisation. With the exception of a class, small in respect to numbers, accustomed to luxury, the rest of the Russian population still lives what we may call a primitive sort of life. Now, the war does not at all affect the wants of the vast bulk of the nation; or, if it have any effect whatever, it is rather that of reducing the prices on all articles of first necessity, seeing that commerce no longer possesses a market for them abroad. It is precisely on account of this fall in prices, profitable in one sense to the people at large, that the proprietors suffer in their revenues."

AN ADVENTURE IN THE TRENCHES.—A person from Ayrshire being lately on a pleasure trip to Constantinople, was seized with a desire to have a peep at the trenches, and going to Balaklava, sought out a friend in the Naval Brigade before Sebastopol. Next morning he ventured out with another friend to that part of the trenches in charge of the First Division, and put so many questions, that, at length, a soldier in one of the Scotch regiments eyed them suspiciously, and appeared to keep a sharp look-out upon them. Just as they were leaving the ground occupied by his division, he went direct up to them, and asked, "Pray, are you acquainted with any of the officers in this division? Can you refer me to any officer to whom you are known in this division?" "No," "You have been inquiring a great many things, and as you can give me no reference to any one in authority, you must accompany me to the commanding officer." The adventurous Scot protested that he was no spy, but was there from curiosity, and that he must be off, and if the soldier chose to follow him to the Naval Brigade, he would soon be satisfied. "You shan't quit the ground," said the soldier, and in an instant a guard was called and the party marched off to the tent of Sir Colin Campbell. Sir Colin came out, and the soldier explained; and, hearing the unvarnished tale, the Gallant General said to our Ayrshire friend, "I see you are a Scotchman." "Yes, I belong to the west of Scotland." Turning to the soldier, he said, with considerable kindness in his manner, "You are quite right—you have done what is your duty; but I have no doubt that what these gentlemen state is true." He then laughed heartily at the predicament of the Caledonian wights, remarking, "I knew you at once as Scotchmen by your dialect. The soldier was right, for the Russians annoy us sadly by sending over even their officers as spies, and they can speak very good English indeed, but none of them that have come in my way ever yet attempted the Scotch." Sir Colin then accompanied them to the boundary of his division, chatting away familiarly.

HUTS FOR THE CRIMEA.—Messrs. Bennett, timber merchants, &c., Manchester, are at present engaged in constructing for the troops in the Crimea 100 huts, calculated to accommodate 2,960 men. 35 of the huts are for 50 men each, and they will be 76 feet long; 55 for 22 men each, will be 32 feet long. Both kinds are to be 16 feet wide, 6 feet high in the sides, and 11 feet to the ridge of the roofs. They are all to be constructed of good Baltic timber, and the framework will be strong and substantial. In the larger huts there will be ten swing windows, and five zinc ventilators in the roof; the smaller ones having only four windows and two ventilators. In each case there will be a door at each end, with a louver window over for ventilation; and all the interiors are to be fitted with rows of rings, by which some sort of hanging can be suspended, as an addition to the means of repelling cold. The floors are to be laid on strong sleepers, which will raise them 2 inches above the ground; and the roof will be secured at the ridge by angle-irons and screws. Sides, roofs, and floors are all being made in panels; so that to any two of the 290 gable-ends any number of sections 4 feet long may be added to suit the nature of the ground, or any of the thousand exigencies of camp life.

LORD DERBY ON THE WAR AND OUR ALLIES.

THE ex-Premier being at Gordon Castle, taking lessons in agricultural improvement from the Duke of Richmond, who is a thoroughly practical man on such subjects, appeared last week at the annual competition among the Duke's tenants. At the dinner which took place at the close of the exhibition, Lord Derby gave the toast of the Emperor of the French and the King of Sardinia.

"No words," said the Noble Earl, "could sufficiently express the indomitable courage, the heroic endurance, and the determined perseverance that had been exhibited by our gallant countrymen in the course of the last twelve months. He believed that there were no soldiers equal to the troops sent from this country. Our army is composed of men of dauntless courage and admirable discipline, but has always been numerically small, as compared with the forces of Continental Powers. Happily for us—and he thanked God for it—we required no troops to keep down internal commotions; nor do we require troops to guard our shores, which are effectually protected by our wooden walls. In addition to all this, he was happy to say, that at the present moment the remuneration for labour was so large, that there was little inducement to enter the service of the Crown. Under these circumstances, now that this country was at war, it was of the greatest consequence that they had the co-operation of an ally, the valour of whose troops we had formerly tested in hostile conflict, and which our own army was now proving when engaged with them in friendly rivalry, joined in arms in the same common cause. It was to him, and it must be to every one who, like himself, can remember the events of the last great war, a matter of great gratification to find the troops of that great nation with whom we formerly engaged in a sanguinary struggle now united as brethren in arms with our own. It is matter of gratification that the alliance is not confined to the Sovereigns, but extends to the army, the people, and the country. Alliances founded on the will of sovereigns and the favour or caprice of sovereigns, were little to be depended upon. Those alliances were most productive which spontaneously sprung from the cordial feeling and good friendship existing between nations. Nor was France our only ally. If our other ally was a Sovereign of less territorial importance and power, there were circumstances which rendered his accession a matter of peculiar gratification to this country. The King of Sardinia has been the first of the Sovereigns of Italy who has dared to trust his people with constitutional government, and the first who has come forward in this great contest, and, by wisely throwing himself upon his people, and they approving, and thrown his forces into the scale of liberty against despotism, and of justice against oppression."

AN INCIDENT OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.—A scene, almost rivalling, in chivalric courtesy, that which occurred in the memorable case chronicled by Froissart, of Sir Matthew Redman, the captain of Berwick, and Sir James de Lindsay, a valiant Scottish knight, after the battle of Otterburn, was lately witnessed at Odessa. During "the assault of the 18th" on the Malakoff, a French captain and a Russian officer met and fought with the sabre; the latter received a severe wound, and was carried off by his men; and after remaining for a time in the hospital at Nicolaieff, he was brought to Odessa, in order to take sea baths. The French captain was also wounded, and made prisoner, and after having been cured of his wounds at Cherson, came to Odessa to await his exchange. While walking in the street, he met his former antagonist supported on crutches; he recognised, and immediately embraced him. Since that period, the closest intimacy has existed between them, and when the French captain embarked on board the steamer to return to France, it was not without tears on both sides that they parted. Who, after this, will say that the age of chivalry has gone?

THE ITALIAN LEGION AND THE CONTINENTAL COURTS.—A great number of Lombard, Venetian, French, and Neapolitan officers have demanded admission into the Anglo-Italian Legion. Colonel Ribbi, who took part in the insurrections of the Romagna, in 1843 and 1845, and in the movement of the Calabrians in 1848, and who has just left the prisons of Naples after an imprisonment of six years, has been named commander of a regiment. Colonel Count Zambecari, of Bologna, who is the terror of the retrograde Governments of Italy, has also arrived at Turin, to take service in the Legion. The nomination of Garibaldi to the command of a passenger vessel plying between Genoa and Sassari has caused considerable uneasiness in Rome and Naples. In the latter town the Court is excessively disquieted; Cabinet Councils are frequent; and something serious is expected in Sicily. It is stated that Austria is uneasy at the formation of the depot at Novara—and that, probably in compliance with some requests in that sense, the depot will be formed in some town more removed from the frontier of Lombardy. Austria is moreover said to have declared that she will treat according to military law every individual found tampering with Austrian soldiers, or with any person subject to military regulations, with a view of inducing them to join the Anglo-Italian Legion.

MONUMENT TO SIR G. CATHCART.—The inhabitants of Queen's Town, Cape of Good Hope, have resolved to establish a permanent memorial of Sir George Cathcart, who fell gloriously at Inkermann, shortly after retiring from the government of the Cape. The memorial will be a public building of hexagonal form, filled with books, and forming a public library. The external tablet will record the victories of the General, and the admiration of the founders for his talent and valor.

THE SPOILS OF KERTCH.—A large quantity of articles from the Kertch Museum have found their way into Southampton. They consist mainly of ancient coins, pottery ware and glass, and metallic vessels. The pottery and vessels are specimens of vases, lamps, bottles, pitchers, tear-vessels or lachrymatories, of Etruscan, Greek, Roman, and other ancient workmanship.

A HERO OF THE ALMA.—Colonel Frederic Rodolph Blake, C.B., of the 33rd Regiment, died on the 23rd ult. at Rottingdean, Sussex, where he had gone for the recovery of his health. At the commencement of the war, he went out in command of his regiment, which he led with distinguished gallantry at the battle of the Alma, and he continued to serve in the camp before Sebastopol until compelled to return home in consequence of a severe attack of fever, from the effects of which he never recovered.

THE ENGLISH COLONIES AND THE RUSSIAN WAR.—The grand total amount of the remittances received up to the present time from India and the colonies on account of the Patriotic Fund, is £143,358, including £38,918 from Australia, £18,374 from Canada, £56,630 from East India, £4,944 from Nova Scotia, £2,002 from Prince Edward's Island, £1,808 from Newfoundland, £4,107 from New Brunswick, £1,000 from British Guiana, £2,216 from Hong Kong, £1,508 from Gibraltar, £3,551 from Ceylon, £478 from the Cape of Good Hope, £500 from Trinidad, £1403 from the Bahamas, £405 from Bermuda, £441 from New Zealand, £842 from Malta, and £632 from the Mauritius.

GUN-BOATS AND MORTAR-BOATS FOR THE BALTIC.—Sir Charles Wood has promised a great supply of gun-boats and mortar-boats for the Baltic next year. It is this promise for next summer which lends the chief practical importance to the assault upon Sweaborg, as it is described in the authentic reports. It has been said that the fortress was gutted, and that is about the truth of it. The fortifications, which bar the entrance into Helsingfors, had been elaborated as Russia has elaborated all her coast defences.

A NEW SHELL.—One of the engineers at Fawcett's Foundry, Liverpool, has made an important discovery in the construction of a shell, and the Admiralty and the War Office are delighted with the improvement. The shell is cast very thin, and lined inside in a way, which is a secret, to resist the influence of molten iron. With molten iron the shell is to be filled, and, while in a fluid state, fired. Each shell will contain 50 lbs. of iron in a state of fusion, and where the shell falls destruction extends around; if on damp ground, no man can lie within fifty yards of it. The filling of each shell will take twenty-five minutes, and there will be no difficulty, in ship or trenches, in preparing the molten metal. In ancient times forts were defended by pouring molten lead on the besiegers; now, we will project the molten metal upon the besieged.

SURGEONS IN THE CRIMEAN ARMY.—A memorial has been sent by 49 surgeons serving with the army in the East, to Lord Panmure, complaining of various grievances respecting their present mode of promotion, and praying that his Lordship should adopt some "fixed principles" for the future regulation of the system. The memorialists say, after complaining of the smallness of their pay as contrasted with that of their "civil brethren,"—"The privilege to retire on full pay after 21 years' service would be considered by us a great boon, as we can now only claim 13s. a day after 25 years' actual service. One great grievance among us is the difficulty, and almost impossibility, of obtaining leave of absence. Some of us, after 14 years in the colonies, have been refused a day's leave to visit our relations and friends. We, therefore, submit that medical officers should be entitled to leave of absence in like proportion with other officers."

OMAR PACHA AND THE ORDER OF THE BATH.—Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, Her Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople, invested his Highness Omar Pacha, Generalissimo of the Sultan's army of Roumelia, with the insignia of the Most Honourable Military Order of the Bath, on the 11th of last month, when the Ambassador addressed the Turkish General in a speech of some length, highly complimenting him upon the signal ability displayed by him in the campaign which terminated so brilliantly in the deliverance of Silistria, and referring to the part he had since taken in conjunction with the Allies against the enemy.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND GENERAL CANROBERT.

General Canrobert, who had only arrived the day before the entry of the Queen, was detained in his own apartments by fatigue and fever, and was unable to accompany the cortege that went to meet and escort her Majesty, nor could he be in the evening repair to St. Cloud. The Queen deigned to remark his absence, and to express her regret. On the next day (Sunday) the general received an invitation to dine at St. Cloud by order of the Emperor. He was waiting in the drawing room with the other aides-de-camp and guests of the Emperor when the Queen entered leaning on his Majesty's arm. As soon as she perceived the General, she advanced towards him, and expressed to him, in the most handsome manner, how happy she felt in being able to thank him for the good understanding he had always maintained with her army, and to congratulate him on the great achievements of the French army under his command.

When the guests passed to the dining room, General Canrobert prepared to take his seat near the spot where he happened to be; but the Queen made him sit on her left hand. During dinner she conversed a good deal with him, and seemed eager to learn from his lips any details respecting the state of the allied armies, and the management and probable issue of the war. General Canrobert, though more alive than any one to the difficulties of the enterprise, entertains not the least doubt respecting the success of the allies before Sebastopol.

On Monday, General Canrobert was invited to the apartments of Prince Albert at St. Cloud. He had been there some time, in conversation with the Prince about the war in the Crimea, when the Queen entered without being announced. The General prepared to leave, but the Queen detained him. She then told him that with the sanction of his Majesty the Emperor she had conferred on him the Grand Cross of her Order of the Bath, as a testimony of her gratitude for the services he had rendered to her army. In this interview, which the Queen deigned to prolong, she again spoke to General Canrobert with the utmost kindness respecting the merits of his individual command, and of the fine conduct of the French army.

The marked attention which was shown to General Canrobert by her gracious Majesty was shared in by the visitors generally. Wherever he presented himself among the distinguished personages who assembled to do honour to the Queen of England, he was always an object of especial interest. An engraving on a previous page represents the General beside a fountain in the refreshment room at the Hotel de Ville. He was, while in the Crimea, a great favourite with the allied armies, and he is here represented as engaged in conversation with French and English officers.

THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE DURING HER MAJESTY'S VISIT.

THE Place de la Concorde, of which we give an engraving as it appeared on the occasion of the locality being graced and honoured with the august presence of the Queen of England, during her recent visit to the Emperor of the French, is one of the most charming, beautiful, and interesting scenes, which any capital of modern Europe can present to the arrested eye of a pleased and surprised stranger. It was originally known as the Place de la Louis XV.; and a statue of that dissolute monarch was erected in its centre in the year 1763, but destroyed by order of the Legislative Assembly in 1792.

A short time afterwards, a colossal figure of Liberty was placed on the spot previously occupied by the royal statue, and the former Place de Louis XV. was called the Place de la Révolution. At the foot of the statue, in the following year, Louis XVI. was executed, and the revolutionary guillotine was established there for some time. During the Consulate, Napoleon ordered a national monument to be erected in place of the statue of Liberty, and the name of the place was then changed to that of Place de la Concorde.

During the Restoration, in lieu of the column, which had scarcely been commenced, it was proposed to raise an expiatory monument to the memory of Louis XVI. The pedestal alone had been erected when the Revolution of 1830 occurred.

At present, the spot which has been so variously occupied is filled by the Obelisk of Lousquor.

At the end of 1828, the Viceroy of Egypt offered the two obelisks of Alexandria to England and France, but Champollion, the celebrated Egyptian student and scholar, who had seen the obelisks of Alexandria, solicited that one of the obelisks situate before the palace of Lousquor, on the right bank of the Nile, might be sent to Paris, in place of the one which had been offered, Mehemet Ali consented, and a vessel was despatched up the Nile to Thebes, where eight hundred men, under the direction of Lebas the engineer, succeeded in displacing the monument and bringing it on board. On the 26th October, 1826, the Place de la Concorde was filled with an immense concourse of persons, anxious to witness the hoisting and deposition of the obelisk on its pedestal, where it was at length placed in the presence of the King, and amid universal acclamation.

At twenty or thirty yards north and south of the obelisk are two fountains, which are said to have been erected in honour of ocean and river navigation. It must be remembered by those who think that the French do not appreciate the advantages of maritime intercourse, that the city of Paris has, inappropriately enough, selected a ship for its arms.

Around the Place de la Concorde are eight personifications of the principal towns of France: Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Rouen, Nantes, Lille, Toulouse, and Strasbourg.

A better idea of the beauty of the Parisian buildings and promenades is obtained from the centre of the Place de la Concorde than from any other spot in the capital.

On the south, across the Seine, is seen the Pont de la Concorde, leading to the Corps Législatif. Opposite the Pont de la Concorde is the Rue Royale, leading to the church of the Madeleine, which was built to correspond with the Corps Législatif, and which is in a straight line with it. On the east is the Garden of the Tuileries, and at the end of its principal walk the Palace itself is seen. On the west, the avenue of the Champs Elysées, terminating with the Arc du Triomphe, presents itself. Of the two handsome buildings which form the corners of the Rue Royale, the one on the left is devoted to the Ministry of Marine.

On the same page with the engraving of the Place de la Concorde, is an illustration of Arab chiefs being presented to her Majesty during the ball at the Hotel de Ville. A description of this interesting scene will be found on page 210 of our last number.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO PARIS.—The Empress Eugénie made a present to Queen Victoria as a parting gift, of a porte bouquet, ornamented with brilliants, which cost a very large sum. It is said, on all sides, that the Queen is very grateful for the reception she met with in France, and, indeed, almost overpowered by it. A bouquet was given to her on her departure by General Lawes, in the name of the National Guard. Her Majesty promised to carry it with her to England. An artist, M. Eugene Lami, is at this moment at work on an album, which will contain sketches of all the fetes and ceremonies during her Majesty's visit. This album, when completed, will be offered to the Queen.

A LONG RANGE.—The Rye correspondents of the Brighton papers state that the fireworks let off at Boulogne on the occasion of her Majesty's departure for England, were seen at that place—a distance of 40 miles—and the firing of the guns was also distinctly heard.

PORTABLE IRON BARRACKS.—Mr. Hemming, of the Cliff House Factory, at Bow, has contrived an iron barrack to accommodate 50 men. The erection is in length 78 feet, and 19 feet in breadth in the interior, and it occupies a space of ground 80 feet by 40, having the earth heaped against each side, to the thickness of several feet outside, and sods or earth laid over the arched roof, so as to present the appearance of a mound or hillock to a distant observer. No cannon shot thrown horizontally could penetrate the sloping earthen bulwark and side of the house, except near the ceiling, so that the soldiers when lying down or sitting in the house would be secure from anything but shell-firing on the side next their enemy. The cost of such a house as this is £130. Its weight is five tons and a-half. The Inspector-General of Fortifications has been directed by Lord Panmure to look at it.

THE ADMIRALS AT SWEABORG.—It is said, that seeing the destruction caused in the interior of the fortress by the fire of the Allies, Admiral Pannu and wanted to continue operations, thinking that it was a pity to leave the work half-finished, and that then was the opportunity, if ever, for laying the Gibraltar of the north in utter ruin; but most unexpectedly the French Admiral's wishes met with great opposition from Admiral Dundas, and at length the latter was obliged to avow the difficulty that was at the bottom of his resistance, and to admit that the deplorable state of his materiel would prevent his renewing the combat.



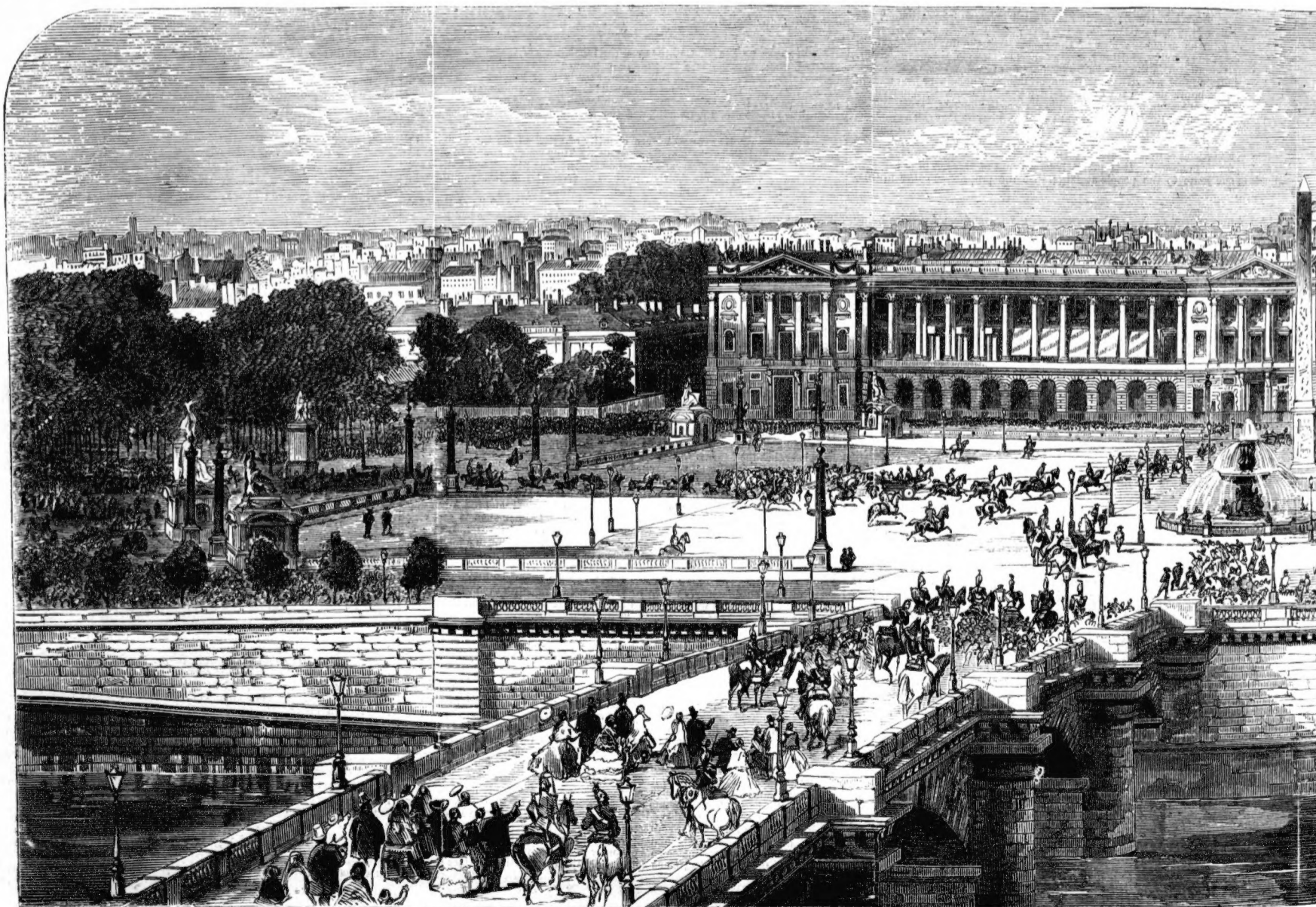
BALL AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE.—HER MAJESTY AND THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.



RECEPTION OF ARAB CHIEFS BY HER MAJESTY



DURING THE BALL AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE.



THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS.—THE IMPERIAL CARRIAGES



PROCEEDING TO THE TUILERIES PRIOR TO HER MA



RECEPTION OF ARAB CHIEFS BY HER MAJESTY



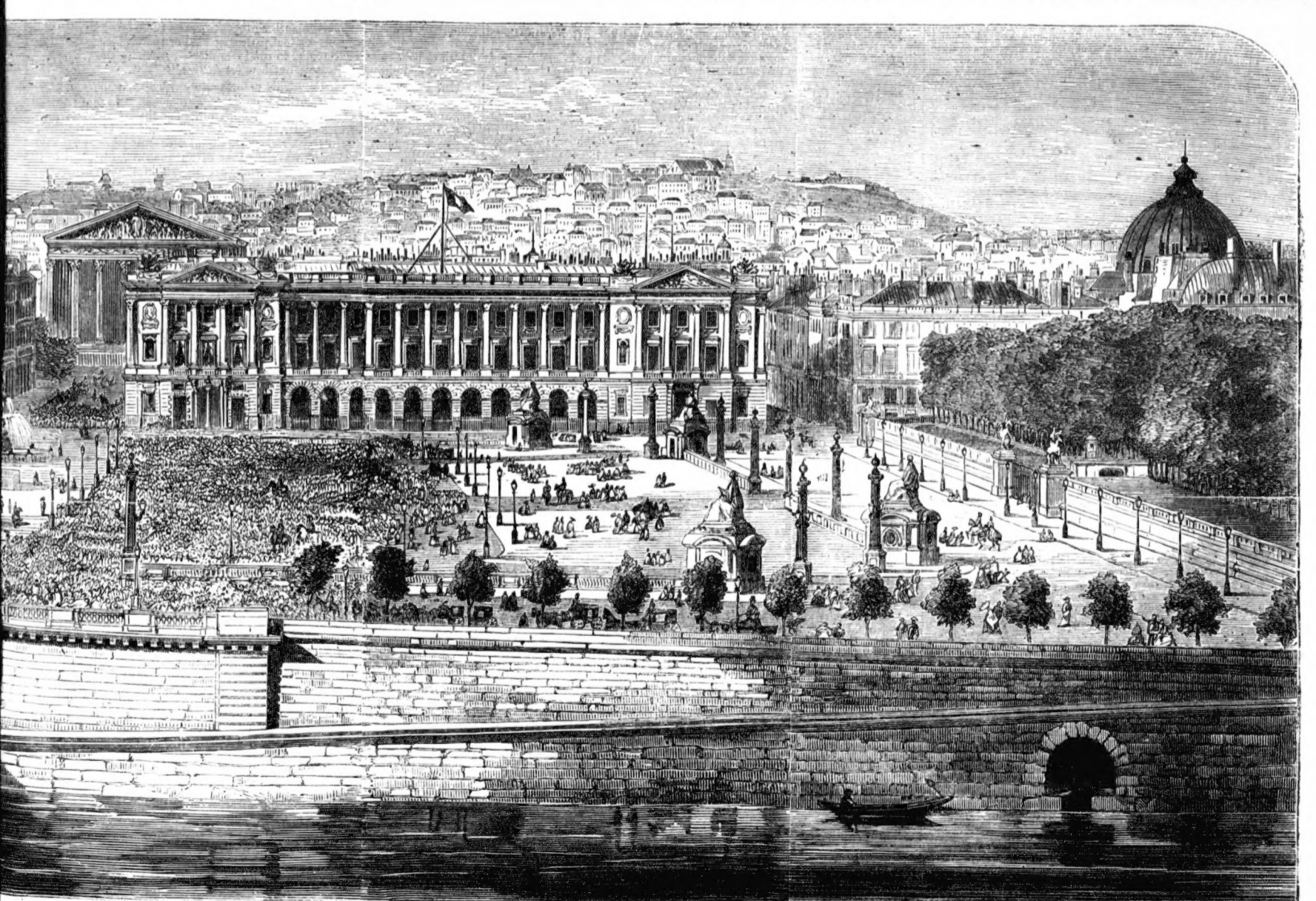
DURING THE BALL AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE.



BALL AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE.—H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT AND THE PRINCESS WATHILDE.



DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS.—THE IMPERIAL CARRIAGES



PROCEEDING TO THE TUILERIES PRIOR TO HER MAJESTY'S DEPARTURE.

SIR C. NAPIER'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH  
SIR J. GRAHAM.

SIR J. GRAHAM TO SIR C. NAPIER.

Admiralty, Feb. 24, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR CHARLES.—The conversation which I had with you yesterday, has left on my mind the painful impression that the means which the Admiralty has provided for fitting out and manning the North Sea fleet, are, in your opinion, insufficient for the occasion, and unequal to an encounter with the Russians on fair terms.

I have done my best to provide a force which I consider adequate to the duty to be performed; and any exertion which this Board considers necessary will be made without intermission.

You urged on me the propriety of offering bounty. If you are dissatisfied with the preparations that have been made and are in progress—if you have not entire confidence in the strength of the combined forces of France and England, you had better say so to me at once, and decline to accept a command which, in your opinion, will not redound to your honour or to the safety of your country. It will be far better that you should refuse the offer of this command than undertake it with any such misgivings.

I have marked my confidence in you by offering it. If you decline it on account of the insufficiency of the means which will be placed at your disposal, I must endeavour to make some other arrangement as soon as possible.

Without a good will and hearty concurrence, this Board and the Commander-in-Chief of the Baltic fleet cannot work well together.—I am, &c.,

J. G. GRAHAM.

SIR C. NAPIER TO SIR J. GRAHAM.

18, Albemarle Street, Feb. 24, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR JAMES.—I thought it my duty to point out to you what I thought the best way of manning the fleet, to insure a great, glorious, and speedy victory over the Russians.

I never made difficulties when service was required, and, after a long life spent in honour, I am not going to make them now.

I should consider myself a coward, and unworthy of holding her Majesty's commission, were I to decline any service, be it ever so desperate. Lord Nelson never declined any service, no more shall I, particularly after the confidence you placed in me; but, with the means at my disposal, will do all I can for the honour and glory of my Queen and country, which shall not be tarnished in my hands; and I certainly have no apprehension of failing, either in good will or hearty concurrence with the Board of Admiralty.—I am, &c.,

CHAS. NAPIER.

SIR J. GRAHAM TO SIR C. NAPIER.

House of Commons, Feb. 24, 1855.

MY DEAR SIR CHARLES.—I do not anticipate that I shall ask you to undertake any "desperate" service. When I offered you the command, I felt certain that the honour of the country and of the flag might be safely confided to you. Your apparent distrust of the means which I could place at your disposal, was the sole cause of some uneasiness on my part.

Your note of this evening has dissipated all doubt and apprehension. I shall be most happy to see you at the Admiralty to-morrow, at eleven o'clock, when we will discuss the arrangements which it will be necessary to make.—I am, &c.,

J. G. GRAHAM.

EXTRACT OF LETTER FROM SIR J. GRAHAM TO SIR C. NAPIER.

Admiralty, April 10, 1854. [Recd. 19th.]

MY DEAR SIR CHARLES.—I am entirely satisfied with your proceedings. Neither Lord Clarendon nor myself anticipated your movement inside the Belt, and believed that you would watch in the Kattegat the entrance of the Sound and the Belts, until you received orders to enter the Baltic. You judged, however, wisely, and the time which you have gained has been very precious, and the passage of the Belt in fine weather, and in safety, has been a most successful exploit.—I am, &c.,

J. G. GRAHAM.

[NOTE.—On the 24th March, the Admiralty called my attention to their order of 8th March, directing me to remain in Wingo Sound until further orders, and saying that I appear to have left it without assigning my reasons, and to have acted therein without the concurrence of the Board, although I took out sealed orders, dated 10th March, directing me, with reference to my first orders, to follow Lord Clarendon's instructions, by taking up a position near the entrance to the Baltic, to prevent any Russian ships passing out into the North Sea on the opening of the ice. I accordingly anchored in Kiøge Bay on the 1st April, and received the declaration of war the following day. On the 8th of April the Admiralty wrote, that, under the circumstances stated by me, their Lordships approved of my proceedings. But, strange to say, on the 13th January, 1855, the Admiralty accused me of having quitted Wingo Sound without orders.—C. N.]

EXTRACT OF LETTER FROM SIR J. GRAHAM TO SIR C. NAPIER.

Admiralty, May 1, 1854. [Recd. 15th.]

MY DEAR SIR CHARLES.—It will be best, in the first instance, to feel your way, and to make good your hold in the Gulf of Finland. When I say this, I by no means contemplate an attack either on Sveaborg or on Cronstadt. I have a great respect for stone walls, and have no fancy for running even screw line-of-battle ships against them. Because the public here may be impatient, you must not be rash; because they, at a distance from danger, are foolishly, you must not risk the loss of a fleet in an impossible enterprise.

I believe both Sveaborg and Cronstadt to be all but impregnable from the sea—Sveaborg more especially—and none but a very large army could co-operate by land efficiently, in the presence of such a force as Russia could readily concentrate for the immediate defence of the approaches to her capital. If, then, you have no means, except naval, at your command, you must pause long, and consider well, before you attempt any attack on the Russian squadrons in their strongholds; and I am afraid that they are much too cautious to come out and meet you. Had you been weaker, they might have done so. Now they wait, and watch an opportunity, in the hope that you will seriously cripple your force, by knocking your head against their forts, when they may take you at a serious disadvantage, and inflict a fatal blow. These considerations must not be overlooked by you; I recall them to your mind, lest, in the eager desire to achieve a great exploit, and to satisfy the wild wishes of an impatient multitude, you should yield to some rash impulse, and fail in the discharge of one of the noblest of duties, which is, the moral courage to do what you know to be right, at the risk of being accused of having done wrong.

It is enough to present this view to your deliberate attention; you will reflect on it, and I am certain that your judgment will not err.—I am, &c.,

J. G. GRAHAM.

EXTRACT OF LETTER FROM SIR J. GRAHAM TO SIR C. NAPIER.

Admiralty, May 15, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR CHARLES.—If anything can be done, you will discover the best means of doing it; but no rash experiments must be tried which do not hold out a reasonable prospect of success.

I still think that a complete blockade of the Gulf of Finland must be your first operation, and the occupation, if possible, of an anchorage within the Gulf, where you can command a supply of water.—I am, &c.,

J. G. GRAHAM.

EXTRACT OF LETTER FROM SIR J. GRAHAM TO SIR C. NAPIER.

Admiralty, June 20, 1854. [Recd. 27th.]

MY DEAR SIR CHARLES.—I am well aware of all the difficulties of your position, and of the impossibility of triumphing over an enemy, who will not fight you on fair terms; but you will discipline your fleet, and make our officers and men fit and ready for any service. It is a disgrace to Russia that she dare not show a ship in her own waters, and that she is driven to seek for safety under the shelter of her fortresses.

It would be madness to play her game, and to rush headlong on her granite walls, risking our naval superiority, with all the fatal consequences of defeat in an unequal contest with wood against stone, which in the long run cannot succeed.

I had reliance on your prudence, which was doubted; your brilliant courage was proved long ago; you will now show the world that you possess a combination of those great virtues, which are necessary to make a consummate Commander-in-Chief.—I am, &c.,

J. G. GRAHAM.

SIR J. GRAHAM TO SIR C. NAPIER.

House of Commons, June 27, 1854. [Recd. July 4.]

MY DEAR SIR CHARLES.—I am glad that you have gone up to Cronstadt to see with your own eyes what it may be possible to do there. Whatever man can do, I am certain will be done by you; and if you are restrained by a sense of duty from embarking in any desperate enterprise, on your return to Baro Sound you shall receive full instructions from me respecting an attack on the Aland Islands.

It is necessary to communicate with the Government of France in the first instance, and these communications have been already opened.—Yours very truly,

J. G. GRAHAM.

Admiralty, July 11, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR CHARLES.—I had anticipated your return to the westward after an offer of battle, which I felt certain the enemy would decline; and it now remains for you to blockade the Gulf of Finland, to keep the fleets at Cronstadt and Helsingfors disunited, and to await the arrival of the French troops, when you and the French Admiral and General must deliberate on the operations to be undertaken by the combined forces. Bomarsund will clearly be within your reach. Sveaborg, if it were possible, would be a noble prize, but on no account be led into any desperate attempt, and, above all things, avoid the least risk of the Russian fleet shipping out of the Gulf of Finland when your back is turned; and be slow to land your marines, without whom your line of battle is disabled. The Russians, though shy, are crafty; and if they can catch you at a disadvantage, they will be down upon you.

With 50,000 troops, and 200 gun-boats, you might still do something great and decisive before the end of September.—Yours, &c.,

J. G. GRAHAM.

Admiralty, Aug. 1, 1854. [Recd. 6th.]

MY DEAR SIR CHARLES.—By your foresight and good arrangements, the whole of the French army will have joined you off Bomarsund before the end of this week, and I hope that you will send back the line-of-battle ships which carried them to you as soon as possible.

I am aware that Bomarsund presents difficulties, but I feel certain that you will overcome them.

The next movement must be well considered, but the fall of Bomarsund will be no bad beginning.—Yours, &c.,

J. G. GRAHAM.

Portsmouth, Aug. 23, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR CHARLES.—I congratulate sincerely on the success of your operations before Bomarsund, and I highly commend your prudence and wisdom in effecting the capture of this stronghold of the enemy, without the loss of a ship, or of any lives.

You have judged well in every respect, both in detaining the line-of-battle ships and steamers, and then in sending them home laden with prisoners.

J. G. GRAHAM.

Devonport, Aug. 25, 1854. [Recd. Sept. 3.]

MY DEAR SIR CHARLES.—I am more than satisfied with your proceedings. I am delighted with the prudence and sound judgment which you have evinced. It would have been a miserable want of firmness had you yielded to clamour, and risked your ships, and sacrificed many valuable lives, in an attempt to destroy by naval means, works which were certain to fall to an attack by land.

Your reasoning, also, in favour of the immediate and entire destruction of the forts at Bomarsund, is irresistible, and I hope you will take care that the destruction is complete, and that not one stone is left upon another.

I am well pleased also with the promptitude with which you have sent back the line-of-battle ships and the steamers. The work has been well done, and I gladly give you the utmost credit for it.

I write in great haste, but that which presses is the order for destroying Bomarsund. At greater leisure, and in a few days, I will write to you on the subject of your ulterior operations, and of the preparations for an early retreat from the Baltic before the winter.—Yours, &c.,

J. G. GRAHAM.

SIR J. GRAHAM TO SIR C. NAPIER.

Admiralty, Oct. 17, 1854. [Recd. 22nd.]

MY DEAR SIR CHARLES.—You refer to my letters at the end of August, as contemplating then the early termination of active operations in the Baltic for this year.

I was not prepared, even at that time, for the immediate departure of the French army after the capture of Bomarsund; and I pointed out to you Abo, Sveaborg, and Revel, as points which, with military aid, were open to attack. Much less was I prepared for the withdrawal of the French squadron from the combined naval operations almost simultaneously with the departure of the army, so soon as Bomarsund had been destroyed.

These decisions were taken on the spot—I believe, with your consent, but without any reference to the English Government. But in August we had not seen the report of General Jones on Sveaborg, which you forwarded to us from Ledsund on the 29th of August, and which was in your hands before either the French army or the French fleet had left the Aland Islands. That report is entitled to respect. It made a great impression on me, and raised a strong presumption that with the aid of the military force then present with the fleet, in seven or eight days the works at Sveaborg might be destroyed, and that the month of September afforded ample time for the operation.

On the 5th of September you sent us the observations of General Baraguay d'Hilliers, and of General Niel on the report of General Jones.

General Baraguay d'Hilliers says expressly, after having reconnoitred Sveaborg himself, together with General Niel:—"We partake of the opinion of General Jones. Sveaborg may be attacked and taken by the fleets, if they think fit to make on that fortress a serious attack."

General Niel went further, and said that, without any military co-operation, eight or ten sail of the line could lay the works in ruins in two hours, by a bombardment near at hand, on the sea front, where the works are weakest; and he intimated very distinctly an opinion that the attack ought to be made.

In the face of these reports, and within a week after receiving them, the intelligence that the French army and French fleet had left you, without a shot being fired, except at Bomarsund, was both a surprise and a disappointment.

Then came your own second reconnoissance of Sveaborg, and a plan of naval attack, which you considered practicable. We were anxious, if the French and English forces could be reunited, that it should have been tried even this year, before the immense fleet which had been assembled retreated from the Baltic; but our own sailing ships having gone to Kiel, and the French squadron being on its way home, the opportunity was lost, and nothing now remains to be done but gradually to withdraw the line-of-battle ships, and to await the moment when ice shall enclose the Russian fleet within the Gulf of Finland for the winter.

No doubt, at the time of the equinox, there are heavy gales of wind in the Baltic; it is a narrow sea, and there is danger to large ships in maintaining the blockade, even when at anchor. But war is not conducted without risks and dangers; and prudence consists in weighing them, and firmness in encountering them; and nothing great by sea or land can be achieved without considerable peril, as your own experience and example have demonstrated.

We await the next report of your movements, before we send you further orders.—Yours, &c.,

J. G. GRAHAM.

SIR C. NAPIER'S REPLY TO THE ABOVE.

Kiel, Oct. 27.

MY DEAR SIR JAMES.—So far back as August 20, I announced to you the intention of the French General to withdraw his troops. I agreed with the French General and Admiral that Sveaborg could not be attacked at this season of the year, and I have no hesitation in saying, had we moved the troops and ships up to Mjølø Roads, and landed 5,000 men, we should not have brought off one man, and how many ships we would have lost I cannot say.

After the capture and destruction of Bomarsund till I left Nargen, there have not been three days fit for operations that required seven or eight, and then the ships and transports must have lain amongst the rocks and shoals of Mjølø Roads—a position that might have done for a general, but certainly not for an admiral.

Shortly after the troops sailed, I communicated to you that the French admiral had received orders to go to Cherbourg, that they were dated the 30th of August; so that the decision was not taken on the spot, as you suppose. General Jones's report made no change whatever in our opinions.

You say the French generals partook of General Jones's opinions; then why did he not carry them out? Surely, Sir James, you could not have read them; they are quite opposite. The French generals thought the fleet could knock down Sveaborg in two hours. General Jones required a combined movement, which would require seven or eight days. The French general, in his letter to me says: "Nous partagions l'opinion de M. le General Jones, Sveaborg peut être prise par les flottes si elles veulent faire contre cette forteresse une attaque sérieuse."

You will find no such thing in General Jones's report. The French general must have meant General Niel's report.

The opinion General Niel gave, in writing after he had landed, he certainly did not give to the admiral on the spot; and the more I think, the more I am satisfied that such an attack would end in a signal failure—even if we had succeeded in knocking down the sea face, the work would be only begun.

You say, Sir James, that General Niel intimated very distinctly that the attack ought to be made; your Board and you, Sir James, do not agree on that point; in their letter to me they say, "But General Niel at the same time remarks that so bold an operation has not, to his knowledge, been yet attempted by ships against forts, and that it is not his province to advise it;" and they desired me to confer with Admiral Paravel, and ascertain whether he was willing to join in a naval attack. "And if it appears both to you and to him an attempt too rash, you are to cause this joint opinion to be recorded; but if one agrees and the other does not, the Admirals present should be called, and their advice and opinion taken."

This was done—the French admiral declined attending the conference, as he had before given an opinion against attacking Sveaborg, and the English admiral, after having read his (General Niel's) report, said they had no reason to change the opinion they had already given, and in which Admiral Martin concurred. The truth is, the troops came too late—too many for Bomarsund, and too few for Sveaborg. The cholera got amongst them. General Jones made a proposal which the generals declined acting on. The people in England were dissatisfied, and as some one must be blamed, the Government want to throw it on me, but I will not accept it.

I ask you, Sir James, to examine the chart of Sveaborg, and ask yourself, if any man in his senses, at this season of the year, would anchor his ships in Mjølø Roads, and commence operations that would require seven or eight days to finish, which was General Jones's proposal; and I ask you whether any admiral would attack Sveaborg with his ships alone, contrary to his own judgment, and the opinion of the admirals whom he was ordered to consult, because an engineer thought it could be done?

You were angry with me when I made use of the word "mad," but on my conscience, I believe it the only word applicable to such an operation.

You say General Jones's report made a great impression. I have no doubt it did; it is very easy to make a report. General Jones knew that the French general would not land a man—we all knew it; and I am quite certain, after the continuation of bad weather General Jones saw on board the Duke of Wellington, he himself would not have landed a man. Had people considered one moment, they would have seen the impracticability of the attempt; but they thought Sebastopol was taken, and I must take Sveaborg, Revel, and Cronstadt.

After the French generals had reconnoitred Sveaborg, I examined it again, and sent home my opinion as to how it ought to be attacked—by ships, batteries, gun-boats, mortar-boats, &c.—at great length; and the Admiralty, as if anxious to get up a case against me, take it into their heads that I meant to attack it with the fleet alone, and were going to send back the French squadron and Admiral Plumridge's ships, and though I have remonstrated, they persist in still thinking so, and you, Sir James, seem to have fallen into the same error. You say, "then came your own second reconnoissance, and a plan of naval attack, which you considered practicable."

Had I seen the smallest chance of success, I should have attacked without the French, but I did not; and surely my opinion is worth more than a general of engineer's; but the Admiralty seem to think differently. The general talked of destroying Sveaborg in two hours. It is much more likely the ships would have

been set fire to by red-hot shot and shells, and some of them on shore by that time. Be assured it is a most difficult place to attack, and whoever does it will have a hard nut to crack. No admiral has, as yet, ventured to attack such a fortress, defended as it is by art and nature. The sunken rocks alone, combined with the smoke from the guns and steamers, is no bad defence.

You observed, Sir James, that the month of September gave ample time for the operation; all the month of September it was blowing a gale of wind, and it was all that Captain Watson could do to keep his station. I did not wonder at the people of England expecting impossibilities, but I am surprised at the Government countenancing them at my cost.

I am glad the French ships did not come back; the admiral had already given his decided opinion that it was not practicable, and it was with that conviction that I decided in complying with your wishes in sending away the sailing ships, which the Admiralty disapproved of.

I do not wonder at your surprise and disappointment when you heard the French fleet and army had returned—the Government ought to have informed you of it. I always warned you, even before the arrival of the troops, that nothing more than Bomarsund could be done. They came too late, and I think they were fortunate in getting home safe; it is more than I expected.

I am quite aware that the Baltic is a dangerous sea, and that even blockading at anchor at this season is dangerous; and I know that war is not conducted without risks and dangers, and I am as ready to encounter them as any man, but I will not be driven by clamour to act contrary to my own judgment.

All summer, Sir James, you were cautioning me, and so were the Government, not to risk my ships against stone walls, for which you had a great respect, and praising me for the manner I had conducted the fleet; now winter is come, you are dissatisfied at my not doing impossibilities; and, as the people are not satisfied, the Government are preparing to abandon me, because I will not follow the advice of a general, contrary to that of my own admirals, and diametrically opposite to the opinion of the French general of engineers, and attack a fortress at a season of the year when it is more than probable I should have lost half my fleet.

I have gone into this explanation at great length; it has given me much pain. I am conscious of having done my duty, and, if you are dissatisfied, you can bring me to a court-martial, or remove me, as I before mentioned to the Admiralty.

I am very far from well, and I assure you this correspondence has not improved my health, and I am suffering much from cold.—Yours, &c.,

CHAS. NAPIER.

## PARLIAMENTARY EXPENSES OF RAILWAY COMPANIES.

It appears from a return to an order of the House of Commons, at the instance of Mr. Hadfield, that the legal, engineering, and Parliamentary expenses of 160 railway companies in the united kingdom have amounted to £14,086,110. There are 45 railway companies that have made no return. The expenses of the 160 companies who have furnished the returns for legal and Parliamentary expenses average £88,000 each; and taking the 45 other companies to average but £30,000 each, or £1,350,000 the total amount would be £15,436,110, for law, engineering, and Parliamentary expenses of the 205 railway companies in the united kingdom, the chief portion of which must have been expended within the past 10 years. It is believed that the legal, engineering, and Parliamentary expenses of the numerous companies that failed in their attempts to obtain Parliamentary powers, cannot be estimated at less than £5,000,000, making in the whole about £20,000,000 as the cost of railway legislation, so far as it has been carried. Mr. Hadfield's return forms three principal heads. Under the head of sums of money expended or due by the several railway companies in the united kingdom for establishing such companies and their undertakings, and for branches and additions thereto, £12,548,715 is stated as the total amount; under the head of sums expended in obtaining acts of Parliament for purchasing other railways, or amalgamating with railway and canal companies, £852,202 is stated; and under the head of costs, charges, and expenses incurred, and occasioned by any actions, suits, and other proceedings at law or in equity by the said companies, £685,193; making together the £14,086,110.

THE SESSION AND THE SEASON.—Lord Stanley has addressed a long letter to the "Times," proposing to begin the Parliamentary session in the middle of November, and confine the Christmas recess between December 15 and January 15, gaining two good months thereby, which two months are to be taken off from the present end of the session, the prorogation being fixed for the middle of June. He proposes, in fact, that members should continue to give seven months a year to public business, that they should stick close to it at a time when nature shuts up, instead of that when she comes out with all her charms. He mentions, without laying stress upon, "the obvious fact, that by keeping country gentlemen away from their homes in summer, and thereby almost compelling them to reside there in winter, the Legislature directly encourages that particular kind of sport which is most injurious both to agriculture and to rural morality—I mean the preserving of hares and pheasants in large numbers for battues."

MR. FEARGUS O'CONNOR.—This unfortunate gentleman, who so long figured conspicuously as a Chartism member of Parliament, died of paralysis, on the evening of Thursday, the 30th ult. For the last two years, he had been under the care of Dr. Tuke, at Chiswick, but about a week ago he was removed by his sister, Miss O'Connor, to her residence, at Notting Hill. Mr. O'Connor was a member of an ancient Irish family, which has been for many years settled at Fort Robert, in the county of Cork. A coroner's inquest was held on the body, on Monday last, when, in reply to a question from the coroner as to the probable time of Mr. O'Connor's burial, a gentleman present stated that he believed Miss O'Connor, the deceased's sister, was in a great difficulty in that respect, as she had not money enough to bury the body. Dr. Tuke said, Mr. O'Connor had been an inmate of his establishment for three years, and, as a mark of respect, he should be happy to advance any sum necessary for the funeral expenses. Mr. Dunsford, foreman of the jury, said he understood it to be the wish of a very large number of people belonging to the working classes, that Mr. O'Connor should have a public funeral; and, as the deceased had all his life been a public character, and worked hard for the working classes, he thought the wish of the people should be complied with.

A REFRACTORY RECRUIT.—A scene as novel as unusual occurred the other day on Tower Hill. The *dramatis personæ* were three soldiers on the recruiting service, and a young stalwart fellow who had enlisted into the 19th Regiment on the day previous, but who, having thought the matter over, regretted his bargain, repudiated the claim made upon him, swore and protested that he would never shoulder a musket; but "they of the flaunting ribbons" were not to be got rid of so easily, and they at once laid hands upon him, with a view of conveying him into the Tower. This he stoutly resisted, and struck about him right and left, calling upon the bystanders to assist him. In this, however, he was disappointed, for, to their credit, they not only gave every assistance to the recruiters, but took on themselves the chastisement of several of the delinquent's comrades who attempted to rescue him. The young man was at once locked up, loudly declaring he would never fire a shot; the large crowd assembled giving three cheers for the Queen and her ally the Emperor of the French.

CLEANING OF THE THAMES.—A document is now lying for signature at various places in the City, addressed to the Lord Mayor, urging that, inasmuch as the Metropolitan Commissioners of Sewers are in possession of plans and money available for the dispollution of the Thames, a committee be appointed to take all necessary steps for watching such proceedings as may be taken, so as to secure the prompt execution of the necessary works.

STATUE TO SIR R. PEEL.—It is reported that a portion of the garden in Whitehall will be cut off, to admit of the erection of a statue to Sir R. Peel in the centre of the road adjoining the entrance to the Duke of Buccleuch's mansion. The public thoroughfare will not therefore be narrowed. The plans have been drawn, and are now before the Government.

POST OFFICE IMPROVEMENTS.—For some time past very considerable alterations have taken place in the system of sorting letters and newspapers in the general and district post departments. The new system was brought into operation on Monday last. During the last few months a large number of men have been added to the body of employees, the whole of whom have had to undergo strict examination. One of the greatest advantages arising from the new state of things, is the appointment of a medical officer (Dr. Waller Lewis), who is to prescribe for the officers in case of sickness, and certify for them when applications for superannuation allowance are made. Many of the men have recently left the service, in the receipt of sums varying from £50 to £103 per annum, the amount of compensation both for letter carriers, mail guards, and other subordinate servants being regulated by act of Parliament.

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## ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1855.

## "THE RETURN OF THE ADMIRAL"

THERE has lately been a good deal of unimportant news from the Baltic. The *Firefly* has been glittering in the Gulf of Bothnia, and done a stroke of business near Brandon—having captured a boat or two, some tar, some salt, and a lot of salt-fish. This is all very right of the *Firefly*, but we scarcely see why half the officers engaged should be specially "recommended" in consequence. One would think our old wars were altogether forgotten. Let the reader open JAMES'S "Naval History," and he will find every other page of the six volumes, full of some kind of slashing activity or other. But now a whole season scarcely supplies us with the materials for a single "yarn." Indeed, how will our jolly tars manage to spin their "yarns" out of the stuff of adventure now supplied them by the commanders? We can scarcely expect TOM BOWLING to turn his quid, and begin—"Well, you know, we was off Helsingfors, in the old *Billy-rugian*, and a vegetable boat heaves in sight, and our skipper says—says he"—going on, at length, till the last cabbage is fairly on board! This is hard on our young officers and men, who are the flower of the British Islands, full of pluck and "go," but who cannot get a chance, owing to their being sacrificed to old fogies and timid Admiralties.

The weather is now becoming so bad in the North, that our ships will not be able to maintain the blockade much longer. The Cronstadt squadron is in gradual retreat. What avails, then, the fact, that a whole new batch of wonderful rockets has arrived—which we perceive to be part of the latest news! They might as well have been sent to Vauxhall, like their harmless namesakes. Our Admiral will be leaving—having gained, what are called, by courtesy, the laurels of Sweaborg; that is, having shelled that place for forty-five hours, and then drawn off to allow the defenders to rally again and make the arsenal right and tight once more. Helsingfors, we think, might have had a little peppering; and we are tolerably sure that a Russian squadron in the Channel would not even spare the Bathing machines at Herne Bay. But DUNDAS is a stranger to war,—his miserable experience in the Chinese war goes for nothing,—and he owes his command to being the son of Lord MELVILLE—the greatest manager of elections that the world ever saw! In fact, this lawyer kind of talent is the only one by which the DUNDASES have so immensely increased their importance during the last two generations. They were a good old fighting stock, but seem to have lost that quality. And sorry were we to read that DUNDAS was one of a Board which censured poor old NAPIER not attacking Sweaborg—NAPIER not possessing those means by which alone he (DUNDAS) has gained his little bit of fame! Let this be remembered against him; and let us have a new man next year.

The "Times" has been (slyly and knowingly enough) reprinting bodily the stations of ships in commission, from the "United Service Magazine." The public stare at the grand list of vessels, and wonder no more has been done. We are tempted, when we contemplate their return, to exclaim with TENNYSON—

"And the stately ships go on  
To the haven under the hill;  
But, oh, for the touch of a vanish'd hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

The hand and the voice of NELSON or COLLINGWOOD might do something for us. We have plenty of machinery, but we want men. All our wealth is as useless to us, as to the ass whose panniers are laden with gold. What matter, though Government make a man an admiral, if God has made him a mediocrity?

It is all very well to talk of peril; and we recently showed our readers the reasons which induce scientific men to caution ships against stone walls—(four guns in a fortress are reckoned equal to a ship-of-the-line, dear reader!); but, after all, danger is but a relative term. What is dangerous to one, is not equally dangerous to others. It was dangerous to attack American frigates, till the right man, PHILIP BOWEN VEBE BROKE, Esq., took it in hand, and polished off a Yankee in fifteen minutes. It was imminently dangerous to storm Copenhagen, but NELSON did it. In short, extra energy counts for material advantages. Your enemy loses even his rightful chances, if your attack is peculiarly brilliant,—as the Russians found, in spite of the excellent position they had at Alma. We now no longer believe in the fortune of the brave, but turn war into a rule-of-three sum. DUNDAS won't fight till he can get the same business-like calculations on his side that a man expects in setting up a shop.

We are not harder on DUNDAS than DUNDAS was on his superior, NAPIER. We cannot have him palmed off on the country as even having made a respectable appearance in the Baltic. Whatever he did by gun and mortar boats at Sweaborg, ought to have been done earlier in the summer. Those vessels should have been supplied to NAPIER, who, we firmly believe, would (with them) have done more. But, at all events, let us know how to use them next time. To them, and them only, our admiral owes the mild lustre which has gilded our naval year.

**PROTECTION OF THE WELSH COAST.**—The coast of South Wales has been surveyed by the Board of Ordnance, for the purpose of selecting sites on which to erect batteries of heavy guns, and other permanent defences, for the better protection of this portion of the coast. The attention of the authorities has long been drawn to this matter, the shore being perfectly defenceless, for from Milford Haven up the entire length of the Bristol Channel, there is not a single battery of guns. The harbour of Swansea is to be provided with heavy metal, and the important roadsteads under Penarth are also to be duly guarded by a heavily-armed fort or battery on the heights. Several other defences are also spoken of, and it is expected that they will be used for practice by the several regiments of artillery militia which have been raised, particularly the Glamorgan-shire new artillery militia.

**DUNBARTON CASTLE.**—It is stated, on good authority, that a very large increase is likely soon to be made to the military force at present stationed in this castle. It is also said to be in contemplation to form a military hospital there, and various preliminary arrangements are being made for this purpose.

## THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

If I neglect, O most puissant Editor! to send you my article this week,—if, in place of plying pen and wasting ink, I choose to go to the Adelphi, to the Wizard, to the Casino, would you have the power to cause me to be arrested, and sent to Pentonville, with hard labour? I should not be the least surprised, after the recent case of the two Collins. I am not a legal party. In the days of my youth, I may have been greeted by my Sovereign with her usual courtesy, on a slip of paper, John Lord Campbell being connected with the affair, and my presence on a certain date required; but these times are past, and now my dealings with lawyers are few indeed. Therefore have I been puzzled to know how these two unfortunate haymakers can have offended. They asked permission for a half-holiday, to gaze, bumpkin-like, at a review. They wanted "three sojers," and their request, though not granted in so many words, was not denied. They went. For two days after their work went on as usual, but on the third they were arrested, brought before a Christian minister acting as a justice of the peace, and sent to Chelmsford Gaol for fourteen days, with hard labour. Here was a fine case for our friend of Printing-house Square, who accordingly was "down" upon the committing magistrate in a leading article of unsparring severity. The clergyman in question, the Rev. George Hemming, was called upon by the Home Office for an explanation of the affair, and, being backed up by his superiors, forwarded a copy of the correspondence to the "Times," when the source of that lactical fluid contained in the cocoa-nut at once became apparent! These two Collins were not the only offenders; others were there, daring miscreants, shameless ruffians, who ventured to leave off haymaking, to gaze on that soul-inspiring sight, a review of the militia! But these others, on being reprimanded, were impressed with the heinousness of their offence. A "man," name unknown, prostrated himself before the Rev. G. Hemming, crying "Peccevi," and an equally anonymous "boy," at the feet of the priest, sobbed forth, "Mea maxima culpa!" while the stubborn Collins remained unmoved, and would not ask pardon for their crime! They have, therefore, passed the fourteen days in a common gaol; they will be a subject of "chat" for every low ruffian in the neighbourhood who chooses to taunt them with the affair, and not all the sovereigns, half-sovereigns, and postage-stamps poured in upon them by a sympathising British public, will be able to wipe off the remembrance of their incarceration. Meanwhile, the Rev. George Hemming goes on his way rejoicing, and weekly preacheth that charity which covereth a multitude of sins!

Our friend the Thunderer has a good deal on his hands just now. He has to take up the case of Mr. Bakewell, the author of the celebrated letter relative to the treatment of the English wounded on the 15th June, and to fight his battles with Lord Palmerston, General Simpson, and Mr. F. Peel; he has to battle, and he does it too most manfully and justly, against the proposed encroachment on St. James's Park, and he has to rouse up the spirit of the English people, and above all of the English Government, against the insult offered to the principal ally of their representative by that five-o'clock of Naples. I say, "more power to the elbow" of the hand that wields these spirited articles, which battle so strongly for individual and national freedom.

How do our "nine days' wonders" die out, and how soon are they forgotten! There is Lieutenant Perry, about whom we all raved twelve months ago, whose case filled the columns of the newspapers, and produced serious dissensions amongst the *pro* and *con* members of the military clubs, now going out to Australia, taking with him two thousand odd pounds, the residue of the public subscription in his behalf. We had forgotten all about him until we saw this fact narrated in an unpretending paragraph in the papers, and now how many amongst us will ever bestow a thought on him again! I hoped that public opinion, which was so strongly manifested at the time, might have had a salutary effect at the Horse Guards, but this is evidently a delusion, as Sergeant Brodie, who behaved so well in the disgraceful proceedings at Canterbury, has been discharged from the service, while his bitter opponent Adjutant Webster, though dismissed by the Commander-in-chief from the English army, has been appointed to a Captaincy in the Turkish Contingent.

Father Gavazzi, the renegade priest, whose lectures against the Church of Rome leapt into such extraordinary popularity, and were so well and fashionably attended, has left England for New York. Perhaps he will return in time for the next season of the Royal Italian Opera; if not, Mr. Gye will have lost a warm and constant adherent. I scarcely ever missed him leaning against the pit tier of boxes, and he must have been known by sight to many of your readers, his half-sly, half-sensual face rendering him at all times remarkable.

Last week I went down to Worthing, and visited the Exhibition which has been opened there. You would scarcely expect to find such a good lounging-place in so small and retired a watering-place. The townspeople deserve every credit for their pluck, and the neighbouring nobility and gentry all thanks for the kindness and liberality with which they have exhibited valuable rarities. There are pictures by many of the greatest masters (including Vandyke's celebrated "Children of Charles the First"), all the orders, insignia, testimonials, and presents of the late Marquis of Anglesley, lent by the present Marquis, and many contributions from the Duke of Richmond, Duke of Devonshire, Sir George Peckell, Mr. Cammerell, &c. Brighton has been quite astonished at this outburst of its quiet neighbourhood, but seems not too proud to follow a good example, and intends to have an Exhibition of its own. The preliminaries of a Picture Exhibition, to take place in the months of September, October, and November, are already settled on, and many of our best artists have promised their support.

Mr. J. C. Deane, one of the great lights of the Dublin Exhibition, and Manager of the Exhibition Department at the Crystal Palace, has instituted what he calls a "Crimean Court" at the latter building. It is still in a very incomplete state, but from the numbers I saw thronging it on Saturday last, it seems already a great point of attraction. There are some beautiful views of the Crimea, (especially of Sebastopol) taken before the outbreak of the war, some very characteristic sketches of the horrors of the last winter's campaign, taken on the spot by Mr. Simpson, a stand of various arms, contributed by Mr. Wilkinson, of Pall Mall, and various Russian Hussar jackets, fragments of shells, bullets, caps, pipes, knives, &c., picked up on the fields of Alma, Inkermann, and Balaklava. Very much credit is due to Mr. Deane, who is the originator of this idea, and when the contributions of Mr. Russell, the "Times" correspondent, which are on their way to England, are received, the Crimean Court will certainly be one of the greatest attractions at Sydenham, where, by the way, the building excepted, the attractions are not numerous.

You have been to the *guinguettes* outside the barrier at Paris, of course. Every one has, now-a-days. You may also have been to the fairs at Boulogne, and even in remoter places. I have; and I say, once for all, if you want to see something that does not resemble them in the least, go to the Surrey Zoological Gardens, and see the "Humours of a French Fair," given in honour of Her Majesty's visit to Paris, written by Mr. Nelson Lee, and arranged by Mr. Flexmore, the Clown. Ancient memories of pretty *grisettes* and rampant *canevases*, of Brididi the agile, and Chicard the eccentric,—protect us from such profanity!

The sense of fun is not even extinguished by the stern horrors of warfare. One of my friends, an officer in the Guards, writes to me, that outside his miserable hut, he has suspended a board, on which is written "*Parlez au Suisse!*"

**PHOTOGRAPHY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.**—The addition of a "Crimean Court" at the Crystal Palace has proved exceedingly attractive. During the past week its interest has been increased by the introduction of a variety of relics of the three great battles of the Crimea, as well as other objects of interest connected with the war. Mr. Mayall, the well-known photographer of Regent Street, has filled one side of the room with some really excellent photographic portraits of Her Majesty's Ministers and other distinguished persons having the management of the war. There are also some copies of portraits of wounded officers, which Mr. Mayall has had the honour of taking for the Queen.

**A MONSTER BELL.**—A bell, which will weigh 500 cwt., is about to be hung in a wooden tower 40 feet high, close to the police-station in the Southampton dock, to sound an alarm in case of fire breaking out amongst the shipping or warehouses in the docks.

## THE SANTALS IN REBELLION.

THE Santals, or Hid tribes of Rajshahi, have taken up arms to free themselves from the authority of the East India Company. The Rajmahal hills, till recently unexplored by Europeans, overhang the northern extremity of the Ganges, and are inhabited by two distinct tribes, the Hill-men, and a wandering race called Santals. These last were permitted by the British authorities to occupy the valleys, and as the immigration became considerable, Government placed an officer in charge of the district in 1834, when the population was about 3,000. In 1852 it had increased to about 80,000, and till within the last few weeks, a more orderly and contented body of people was not to be found in Bengal. Anyone acquainted with the habits of the Santals is perfectly aware that the sound of the drums in the hills will, without previous warning or concert, assemble three or four thousand men, with their bows and poisoned arrows and battle-axes. Commissariat they require none, as they feed on worms, caterpillars, grubs, everything, and they appear and disappear in the low sal jungles in an instant. Troops cannot there follow them, and it is only in the plains that they can be held in check. With such circumstances in their favour, all at once they have, according to the last accounts, taken arms, vowing destruction to their neighbours, and descending into the neighbouring country—at first it was said with 5,000 men, which report has since swelled to ten, fifteen, and lastly to 80,000,—stating that the insurrection has extended to Sooree, and even to Raneeungee, about a hundred miles from the place where it broke out. There are evidently two, if not more, large parties of insurgents. The Government of Calcutta have been hastening strong bodies of troops to the spot, to suppress the revolt.

Various accounts are given of the origin of the rising, and it is feared that some of the people on the railway will be found mixed up with it, by having carried off and refused to restore a Santal lady. The insurgents allege a divine revelation for their attempt, and their first step was to call on the hill Darogah to furnish supplies, and, on his refusal to do so, they deliberately seized and murdered him.

The most probable cause of the outbreak is, that discontent has prevailed among them for some time, on account of increased taxation, and that some real or imaginary grievance has sufficed to rouse to arms people already discontented.

## ITALIAN AFFAIRS AND PRINCE MURAT.

LETTERS from various parts of Italy concur in stating that the probability of serious events soon taking place there is generally believed; and accounts from Austria speak of a feeling of apprehension on the same subject, as also of the preparation of the Government for all emergencies. The aspect of affairs is altogether exciting.

At Milan exaggerated rumours of the misunderstanding between the French and Neapolitan governments have been bruited about, and it has been even asserted and very generally believed, that the cabinet of Paris have resolved to send an army of 40,000 men to Naples. The government at first paid no attention to these rumours, but at length it saw reason to connect them with seditious manifestations on the point of breaking out, either on the Swiss or Piedmontese frontier, or as some said, in the interior of the Lombardo-Venetian provinces. At all events, the fact is certain that the government suddenly broke up the Soma camp, consisting of 12,000 or 14,000 men, marched the troops into Milan, and caused a great many arrests to be secretly made. An anonymous pamphlet has moreover appeared, inculcating the necessity of getting rid of the Neapolitan Bourbons, and calling to their throne Prince Murat, the son of a man who had been in arms for the independence of Italy, and whose memory is still cherished. This publication, which is said to be by Solicetti, contains a letter addressed to the author some time ago by Prince Murat, in which the latter declares his conviction that he presents the best and only solution of the Italian problem, but also that he will not come forward until called upon by the people. Some doubt is entertained as to Prince Murat being the man to "play for kingdoms and for crowns," though the heir of King Joachim, the son of a most ambitious mother, the nephew of the great Napoleon, and the cousin of the present Emperor of the French. The Prince is understood to be a good natured, easy sort of person, who is perfectly enchanted with the position in which he has been placed by the progress of events.

## THE REVOLUTION IN MEXICO.

THE Revolutionists, according to the latest intelligence, were making head in the northern departments, and the Government forces, instead of being able to assume the offensive, were everywhere driven within the protection of strongholds. A battle commenced at Saltillo on the 22nd July, and lasted until next day, when the Plaza fell into the possession of the insurgents. The remains of the Government forces, consisting of about 230 infantry and 250 of the Dragons of the Guards and of "the Guides," fled towards San Luis Potosi, but were hotly pursued by mounted riflemen, who succeeded in completely dispersing them, and in capturing about 60,000 dolos, in specie, besides a large amount of stores and ammunition. Two-thirds of Santa Anna's forces, under Guitain and Cruz, had been either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners.

**THE RAJAH OF SARAWAK.**—A large number of arms has very recently been forwarded to Sir James Brooke, K.C.B., Rajah of Sarawak. It may be inferred, therefore, that something of importance will soon be heard from that quarter.

**DUMAS AND THE LEGACY.**—The author of "Monte Christo" has contradicted the story of an octogenarian having left him a legacy of 300,000fr.

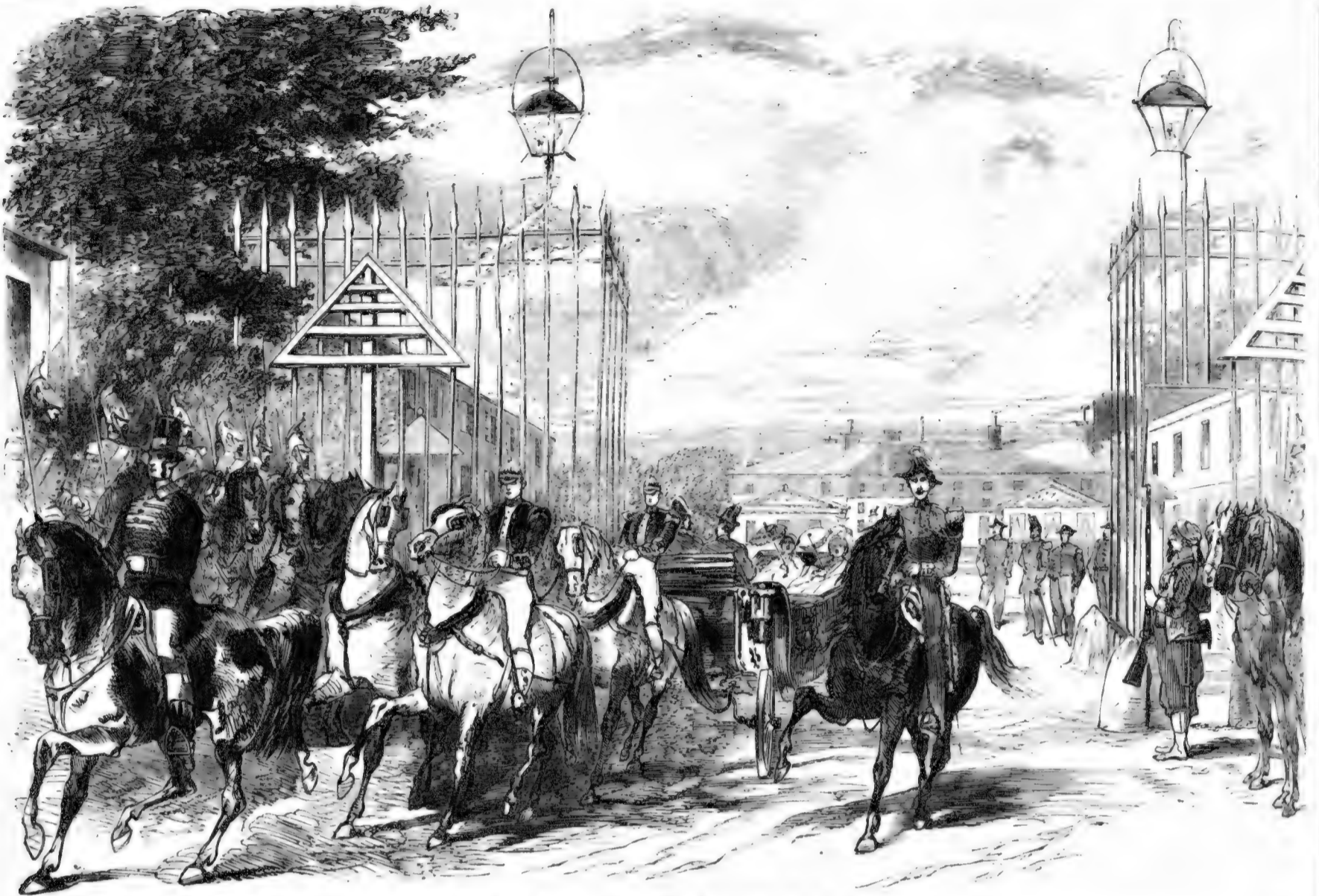
**TOURISTS AND LUGGAGE PORTERS.**—At a Justice of Peace Court held lately at Oban, Argyshire, two porters were each fined in the sum of £1 for overcharging two parties whose luggage they had been employed to carry from the steamboat quay. Travellers would do themselves and the public a benefit, when similar cases occur, by refusing payment, and reporting the matter.

**PEDESTRIANISM IN IRELAND.**—Recently a pedestrian feat was performed by Lieutenant O'Ryan, who, for a large wager, undertook to walk from the barracks of Clonmel to the Market House of Caher and back in four hours. The day was very wet and stormy; nevertheless, the "gallant Tip" started at the hour appointed, and performed the task in three hours and fifty-three minutes—distance, 16 Irish miles. Another pedestrian feat was accomplished on the same day between Lieutenant Mansergh and Lieutenant Smithwick, of the Tipperary Artillery—starting in heavy marching order, the first arriving at the barrack at Clonmel to take up the stakes. Lieutenant Mansergh, seemingly with little fatigue, arrived two minutes and a half before his competitor. Lieutenant Clarke accompanied the party in similar trim as an amateur. The distance, eight Irish miles, was got over in two hours and fifteen minutes.

**THE BOY WITH THE REAL TAIL.**—This anomalous personage has been, we are told, safely deprived of the appendage with which Nature, in one of her unaccountable freaks, had chosen to distinguish him. For obvious reasons, names cannot be given in connection with a matter of this kind; but the fact can be relied upon, that a respected medical practitioner in Middlesborough has, not many days ago, successfully removed, by amputation, this singular obstruction, which might otherwise have proved most inconvenient in after years.

**A LITTLE ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.**—There is an out-of-the-way place in the neighbourhood of Munich called the "Anger," on which stands the convent of the so-called "Poor School Sisters." A young girl entered this convent, and, after a time, was sent as a novice to a branch establishment at Rosenheim, where she suddenly recollected that she was the possessor of youth, health, and 9,000fr. She announced her resolution not to take the veil, and was summoned to return to the "Anger." On the road she called on one of her relations, an employé, who, instead of giving her protection, ordered her to go to the convent. She obeyed, and for some time nothing more was heard of her. Such singular rumours circulated that the civil authorities were forced to take up the matter. It was found that the girl was well, but closely confined in the convent. She resolutely refused to take the veil, and the trustee of her deceased parents' will is now endeavouring to get her out of the clutches of the pious sisters.

**THE CHIEF JUSTICE AND A STABLE BOY.**—At the Montgomery assizes, Sir J. Jervis, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, in his charge to the Grand Jury, while alluding to the various changes that had taken place in the county since he had last visited it, said he was afraid it must have deteriorated in the prosperity of its gentry; and he was compelled with reluctance, to make the observation, because they had recommended to the Queen, for the position of high sheriff, a gentleman whose slender means would not enable him to give Her Majesty's representative a proper reception. He, as representing the Queen, was sorry to be introduced into that county in the form that he had been; and he certainly did not expect to have the door of the carriage opened by a stable-boy in his shirt sleeves.



HER MAJESTY'S DEPARTURE FROM THE PALACE OF ST. CLOUD.



DEPARTURE OF THE QUEEN IN THE IMPERIAL STATE CARRIAGE FROM THE TUILERIES.



GROUSE SHOOTING.—(DRAWN BY R. ANSDALL.)

# FASHIONS.

DURING the week of Queen Victoria's sojourn in Paris, the dresses worn by the ladies at the various grand entertainments given in honour of her Majesty, were, as was naturally to be expected, distinguished for splendour and elegance. Every interesting incident in connection with the Royal visit having already been recorded in the columns of the "Illustrated Times," a brief description of some of the dresses which attracted the greatest share of notice during the week of festivity may appropriately find a place here.

On the occasion of the visit to the Opera, the Queen, the Empress, and Princess Mathilde (who occupied a seat in the state-box), wore dresses of Alençon lace over white silk. The corsages were resplendent with jewels. Those of the Queen and the Empress were almost wholly covered with diamonds and rubies, in the form of agraffes, sevigés, bouquets, and royal orders. The berthes of their Majesties' dresses were surmounted by rows of diamonds, and they wore on their heads diadems of diamonds and rubies. The Countess de Montijo and the Duchess of Alva (the mother and sister of the Empress), who occupied the usual Imperial box, were

scarcely less richly attired. They also wore dresses of white silk and lace and diadems of brilliants.

On one of the visits to the Exposition Universelle, Queen Victoria wore a dress of green silk with three flounces, the latter edged with a border in black and white. A beautiful mantelet of white lace was thrown loosely over the shoulders, and her Majesty's bonnet was of white blonde, having on one side an exquisite water-lily, with its foliage. The Princess Royal wore a dress of white and peach-blossom glacé.

At the review in the Champ de Mars, white dresses predominated among the ladies in the booths and open carriages. A greatly admired robe of white muslin was worn by a lady who takes rank among the leaders of Parisian fashion. The skirt had seven flounces, ornamented with rich needlework, in a pattern consisting of wreath of convolvulus; some parts of the flowers and leaves being formed by the insertion of a ground of Valenciennes lace. The effect thus produced was inconceivably light and rich. A white muslin mantelet, worked in corresponding style, was worn with this dress. The bonnets at the Champ de Mars, were, for the most part, of tulle or crape, white or coloured, and profusely adorned with flowers.

The parasols presented the gayest variety of colours that can be imagined, pink, blue, cerise, green, and white. Many of those of coloured silk were covered with white or black guipure, and edged with falls of the same. Those not covered with lace were encircled by broad silk fringe. The sticks were of carved ivory, or mother o' pearl, inlaid with gold or silver, and, in some instances, with jewels. Several white parasols had ivory sticks coloured scarlet, so as to present a perfect resemblance to coral. These, inlaid with gold or silver, had a very novel and pretty effect.

At the ball at the Hotel-de-Ville, Queen Victoria wore a dress of white tulle, ornamented with cerise-coloured flowers and diamonds. A splendid diadem of diamonds formed her Majesty's head-dress. At the Versailles ball, the dress of the Duchess of Montrose was greatly admired; it consisted of a double skirt of Alençon lace over a slip of blue silk. The upper skirt was gathered up at intervals by agraffes of turquoise, set round with pearls. Small chainettes of turquoise and pearls ascended from each of the agraffes to the waist. The Duchess's head-dress, necklace, and other ornaments, were of magnificent diamonds.

FIGURE I.—Dress of light blue taffety, with three broad flounces, edged with a white bordering woven in the silk. The corsage, which is quite plain, is half high, and the sleeves short. Over the corsage is worn a canezon made of bobbin-net, and trimmed with rows of narrow black velvet; quite at the edge, there is a row of narrow scalloped lace. The same trimming finishes the ends of the sleeves. Bracelets of amber and gold. Gloves of pale yellow kid. Bonnet of French chip, trimmed with blue ribbon the colour of the dress, and on one side a bouquet of blue flowers. Under trimming, white tulle and sprigs of the same flowers as those on the outside. With this dress may be worn a small mantelet of black silk trimmed with broad fringe, or should the weather be chilly, a cashmere shawl.

FIGURE II.—Dress of silver gray glacé, with five flounces, figured at the edges with a pink border woven with the silk. The same border edges the basque, the frills of the sleeves, and the bretelles. Collar and sleeves of needle-work. Mantelet of Chantilly lace. A Leghorn bonnet, trimmed with pink ribbon, and on one side a bouquet of roses. Under trimming bouilloné of white tulle and roses. Gloves of straw colour kid. Gold chain bracelets.

MR. MACAULAY, M.P., as President of the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh, has presented an extensive and valuable donation of books to the library of that establishment. The collection, which is handsomely bound, embraces some of the most important works in English history and literature.



FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

## GROUSE SHOOTING.

"Off to the moors!" There is something magical in those four words; they convey to the mind of the sportsman the *beau idéal* of shooting—the aristocracy, if we may use the term, of sporting gunnery. Let not our partridge-shooting friends take offence at the latter term; we do not use it as inferring that the grouse-shooter is one whit a better sportsman than the sturdy yeoman, who, with peradventure one pottering old pointer that rarely makes a mistake, brings home a bag of game on the 1st of September, and, with an inward and excusable chuckle, compares himself with him who, with his relay of dogs, and keeper in attendance, minister though he may be, here finds himself in the minority. No, the aristocracy of grouse shooting consists in its being chiefly the pursuit of the sons of wealth and leisure,—men whose time, at this season of the year, is their own,—men to whom rent of shooting-ground, travelling and other expenses for themselves and retinue, biped and quadruped, bring their game to (let us say) a guinea ahead. These necessary outlays render grouse shooting a sport rarely enjoyed by any but the great, or at least the rich. The cynic might say, that, as society is constituted, the terms have become nearly synonymous. In certain places, and among certain cliques, it may be so; but the liberal-minded sportsman denies such hypotheses. But let us "to the moors!"—to what we will call the fox-hunting of shooting. Why is it so? From the same cause that renders fox-hunting a more enthusiastic sport than the chase of the hare or the carted deer. There is more wildness in it; the scene is wild, the game rises in all its native and natural wildness, and probably, till the commencement of the season, has never seen the face of man. There is, we admit, great excitement in partridge shooting. When the unerring pointer stands, statue-like, in perhaps the most graceful attitude the dog is capable of exhibiting, how carefully we bring our gun up to the full cock, how intently fixed is the eye, as we lightly bend the stubble beneath our tread, or thrust aside the turnip's covering! "Whirr!" rises the covey; "bang, bang!" go the double barrels. This is fine, we admit; but the enclosed field and cultivated soil remind us of man, tell us we are in the neighbourhood of home. Not so on the Grampians; there we stand free as the air we breathe; there the imaginative mind may call back times of old; there we see and tread the same wilds where once trod the chieftains of feudal times; there no conventional forms of society shackle thought or action; there

"Our thoughts are boundless as our souls are free;"

there we seem to rise higher in the scale of mankind, as we tread the uncultivated waste that the rapid strides of civilisation have not as yet adorned by ornament or contaminated by vice; there we may give all the purer aspirations of the mind their natural play, for there, at least, we fear no ridicule, dread no deceit.

How beautifully those setters range, their heads uplifted to catch the expected scent of the wild game, unwitting of the near proximity of all but certain death; how gaily shows the bright red of that young dog (his first season), as he sails along amid the brown heather, his only fault (that of youth) taking too much out of his animal powers by over-excitement! How gaily, also, show the fine markings of "Brag," as he pursues his course with steadier stride! But mark "Old Shot," how cunningly he tries each likely space that game is prone to haunt! His coal-black coat would scarcely be distinguished from the sombre background, did not his glossy skin glitter bright amidst the dull hue of wild vegetation—sure proof of the splendid condition to which his keeper has brought his "team." But see, he stops motionless, as if nature had palsied every limb and muscle of his body; he stands as if he never had moved or meant to move again. His near companion stops nearly as short as the old dog has done, and intently watches him who never errs. The young one, in his haste, sees not the positions of his companions, but the uplifted arm and hand of the keeper at once arrests his career, and now in meek attitude he stands, as if apologetic for his inattention. The gunner, with quick but noiseless steps, approaches his old favourite, who for a moment turns his eyes up to his master, with pleased expression, and then again fixes them on the spot where the pack are crouching. Up they get—the sportsman selects the outside birds. The Right Rev. Bishop of Bond Street has provided the tool, so no fear of failure in that. Our aristocratic gunner is a workman, his practice and steady eye is sure to cover his bird. Bang, bang, go the "Bishops!" Here no stray shot has merely stopped the flight of the bird, thus enabling it to run on reaching the ground, and requiring the search of the retriever; but down it comes with a "plop," that tells it was shot "dead." Down lie the dogs "to charge." Up comes the keeper with the pony. Let us look in the panniers—twenty-five brace, and, perchance a brace of the bluish hares indigenous to the heather hills; no bad morning's work. We know it is often far exceeded, nay, doubled; but our sportsman is a sportsman—it is sport, not slaughter, he wants. He is no battue-man, no hen-roost sportsman. He is too well known as a shot to need public accounts of his unerring gun, club-house applause or sycophantic compliment. He has done enough for a sportsman, so wends his way home to his lodge or lodging, feeling more pleasure in the behaviour of his dogs, than in estimating his own performance. Doubtless, when at home, habit has made him a perfect judge whether the *paté de fois gras*, or the *omelette soufflée* have been made by an artiste, or attempted by a mere cook. But the Grampians set fastidious palates at naught; and here even "cock-a-leeky broth," if nothing better is to be had, will go down; but our aristocrat has not come to this—still *faute de mieux*, a grilled trout and leg of mountain mutton, are relished by an appetite gained by healthful exercise and Scotch air; and further, but "name it not in Gath," a tumbler, nay two or more, of Highland whisky, Parliamentary or otherwise, is held fit beverage for the Lord's anointed.

Such, reader, is grouse shooting; or, at least we flatter ourselves, from what we have seen, it is something very like it. Does it seem to hit your taste; if so, may you be enabled to gratify it, and as humble admirers of it, "may we be there to see."

**THE MOORS.**—In Aberdeenshire, the weather has been favourable for the sport. The first week's work was under an average. In Banffshire, &c., the sport has on the whole been fair, though the bags have not, except in a few instances, been so weighty as usual. The party at the Duke of Richmond's shootings, at Glenfiddich, have had fair sport. The total grouse bagged by eight guns, during five days, was 727½ brace. At the Lagganauil shootings, at the southern extremity of the county, Lord H. Bentinck and party have enjoyed rather good sport. On the Strathdon Moors, owing to the severity of the frosts at a late period of the spring, the grouse have been very late in being brought to maturity. The young birds are very weak. The Strathspey Moors are turning out much better than was anticipated. Generally speaking, the number of grouse bagged in this district has not been so heavy as formerly. The appearance of grouse in Skye is decidedly, in every respect, inferior to last year. In Dumfriesshire, the general complaint is, grouse are scarce, strong, and wild. Other species of game are reported to be plentiful: partridges, by all accounts, are very abundant—the coveys being large and numerous; black game is also favourably reported of; and there is no lack of hares, thanks to green cropping and young clovers. On the Lammermoors, the Duke of Roxburgh killed 21 brace of grouse, and Lord Bownmont 28 brace. The birds were strong and in excellent condition. On the border, and in Westmoreland, the sport is much better than had been expected.

**HOPS—BOROUGH.**—During the past week there has been a fair demand for the few lots of yearling hops on sale, and they are now reduced to a small compass. In some instances the red mould has made its appearance in the new growth, but the general reports continue favourable; and the duty is estimated of £300,000. The accounts from the various parts of the country are of the most favourable character. In many cases the crops promise to average 1½ cwt. an acre.

**THE MALE THIEF IN FEMALE ATTIRE.**—The German who donned petticoats, called himself "Maria Brown" and appeared before the Manchester magistrates on suspicion of being dressed in female attire for the purpose of committing robberies with greater facility, has not been identified, and has consequently been discharged, when he narrowly escaped the indignation of the crowd, on account of his assuming the garb of the other sex.

## THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.

**YORKSHIRE.**—Though occasional showers have intervened, the weather, on the whole, during the past week, has been very favourable, and harvest operations have not been impeded. As to the quality and yield of the new crop, sanguine expectations are generally formed respecting them.

**OXFORDSHIRE.**—In this county the harvest is generally good, and the farmers have got in their crops in good condition.

**HANTS.**—The harvest in this neighbourhood is being rapidly gathered in; wheat is nearly all cleared; barley and oats will also soon be housed. Complaints are rife respecting the blight in wheat, but it is hoped that the yield will still be an average one, and a good sample. Potatoes are suffering sadly from disease; not more than half the crop can safely be considered sound.

**NORTHUMBERLAND.**—Several patches of corn have been cut in this county, and should we be favoured with a continuance of dry, sunny weather, the harvest may be expected to be general in the course of a week, as the grain is rapidly approaching maturity. The state and prospects of the crops, in most cases, are said to be highly encouraging.

**DEVONSHIRE.**—In the neighbourhood of Exeter, about two-thirds of the wheat is housed in excellent condition, and we have similar gratifying reports from all parts of the county. We are glad to say that the potato crop is so far excellent. The second clover crop in many places will be a most extraordinary yield.

**CAMBRIDGESHIRE.**—We hear very little of the potato disease in this county, while the crop is an abundant one, the quality excellent, and the breadth planted very large. Fruit of all kinds about an average—pears abundant—apples not quite so plentiful.

**STAFFORDSHIRE.**—New wheat is already in the market, and very good samples were exhibited at Wolverhampton on Wednesday week. It is a singular fact that, in many instances, spring-sown wheat is not only better, but earlier, than that which was sown in the autumn. The scarcity of hands to gather in the crops, which is complained of in most parts of the country, exists in this district to a considerable extent, and is aggravated by the non-arrival of Irish labourers to the same extent as formerly. The turnip crops vary exceedingly this year; there are many good and many bad ones. The state of the potato crops is the subject of a good deal of anxiety.

## The Sphinx.

## CHARADE.

[APROPOS OF THE 1ST OF SEPTEMBER].

## I.

"Oh wilt thou from my side, my love,  
To join the cruel chase?"

"My life—I've borrow'd Jenks's gun—  
'Tis there in yonder case!"

"May evil light on Jenks's head,  
That gun for lending thee;  
Thou'lt injure somebody with it,  
As surely as can be."

"Not so, not so! my dainty bride,  
I am a sportsman skill'd—  
As thou shalt own when dining off  
The birds that I have kill'd."

"An I must never dine till then,  
My prospects are but small;  
All birds thou kill'st to swallow raw—  
I pledge me—claws and all."

"So! thou dost jest, my bonny bride,  
I'll kiss thee for thy joke."

"I hope in jesting it may end,  
And—nothing worse than smoke."

"Dismiss those gloomy fears, and straight  
A collar look me out;  
Lo! the new shooting-coat I've bought,  
And spatterdashes stout."

"Oh dar'st thou show such legs as thine  
Encased in spatterdashes?  
And what's the use of new frock coats  
To make all over splashes?"

"Nay, 'tis September's first, to-day,  
The sportsman's day of fame—  
My comrades wait me in the fields  
To keep alive the game."

"The game, of being otherwise  
No sort of danger run!"

"Wouldst have me let them off?"—"I would,  
But don't let off the gun."

The sportsman, laughing, kiss'd his bride,  
And tore himself away,  
He tried to hum a sporting song,  
And look extremely gay.

His spatterdashes didn't fit—  
His shooting coat was large—  
His gun he pointed at his boot,  
Regardless of the charge.

A cap was on the nipple plac'd,  
The hammer at full cock;  
He had not screw'd the barrel on  
Securely to the stock.

Of powder's force he nothing knew,  
How much would kill or burst—  
Yet (by his air) himself he thought  
Of sportsmen, quite my first.

## II.

The lady she watch'd him across the field,  
As he walk'd with a smirk and flutter,  
She strain'd her eyes, till her eyes were sore,  
And wept and cried, "I shall see him no more  
Till he's brought back home on a shutter!"

She sought relief—not the out-of-door kind—  
She wasn't possess'd of a stable mind,  
Nor car'd for the sweets of the spot refin'd,  
The gardener called the green-us.

She liked not gardening, slopes nor slips,  
She dreaded Ha-ha's on account of her hips,  
No smiles could the poultry-yard bring to her lips,  
"Conchlin" up China's with sops and slips,  
(Her Diary wasn't a case of *Pips*)

To her was offence most heinous,  
She saw nothing bonny in cornfield rigs,  
"She'd no sort of fancy for pleasing the pigs,"  
Lost muttons, on her, were the curly black wigs  
Of Welsh or Southdown gen'us.

While a liking for cattle—her highly train'd mind  
Consider'd a scrap of Idolatry blind,  
That the age's advancement had left behind;  
(Though she there should've a taste for bulls; she'd find  
That cows, e'en in England, are still design'd  
As sacrifices to "wean us.")

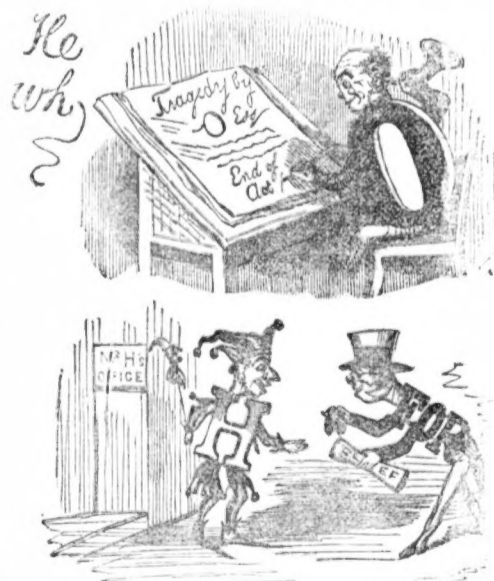
Indoors she stay'd, and distraction sought  
To bring each feeling and pulse and thought,  
To a state more near seraphic.  
On her husband's portrait upon the wall  
She gaz'd, (in the style that rude wags call  
A decided "Foe-to-graphic.")  
She gaz'd on his slippers, she breath'd o'er his fute,  
She polish'd with tears his Wellington boot—  
Of his pipe the mouth of amber,  
So long she kiss'd—'twould have seem'd to some  
Her lips to the number were glued—by gun!  
While in the pockets her fingers range,  
As in search (from her grief) of the smallest change,  
Of his Cashmere robe de chambre.  
What's that she has found—has chang'd her so,  
Has made her colour to come and go,  
And her lips grow tight and thinner?  
What is the *souvenir* meets her eye?  
Is it a *gyge d'amour*? (Oh fie!  
Green were such gage that a wife might spy!  
Is't a *momento* they call *mori*?  
Or is it an "in memoriam" sly  
Of a contraband Greenwich dinner?  
Neither! she throws the token down,  
And says, with an angry gasp and frown,  
And a curl of her lip (the upper),  
"He's forgotten my second—just like the men!  
I shall have to sit up till the Fates know when—  
For I know he'll be off to some horrible den,  
With—fellows like Jenks to supper!"

## III.

With blackest soot the Palmer's lamp,  
Was crusted up its chimney tall;  
The table cloth and bread were damp  
From the jug of ale that had had a fall.  
The mutton bone look'd jugg'd and bare,  
(Unheeded was the pilf'ring cat,  
Who now the cheese was going at),  
Within her large uneasy chair,  
She only said, "It's very dreary;  
It's striking twelve," she said—  
She said "I am weary, weary,  
Yet dare not go to bed."  
After the middle of the night,  
Fear 'gainst fatigue triumphant fought;  
The cock sang out an hour ere light,  
Of early birds and worms she thought—  
And what the worms were feeding on—  
Perchance e'en now! A shuddering thrill  
Ran through her at the prospect chill;  
She dratted soundly Jenks's gun,  
And said, "He's got his skull of lead full,  
(Though that's no news!)" she said.  
She said, "It's a very dreadful,  
Would he were at home in bed!"  
"Rat-tat-tat-tat!"  
What voice is that?  
She leapt from her slumbers and trod on the cat—  
She flew to the door—but her heart pit-a-pat  
So beat, that she couldn't get over the mat.  
"Rat-tat-tat-tat!"  
Not his knock that,  
'Tis now broad day over mountain and flat.  
What form meets her eye in a shocking bad hat—  
And the darkest of linen, (and little of that)—  
She star'd in his face, in no humour for chat,  
"My husband?"—all she said.  
"Precisely, marm," said the dingy wight,  
"It's a orkard case; you see, last night—"  
"Tell me the worst—he's dead?"

"It aint quite that," said the great unwashed,  
(He was over six feet high)  
"But to come and tell you he gav me a shillin'  
As how he'd been quodded all night for *killin'*—"  
She utter'd a fearful cry.  
"I knew he would do it," the lady said,  
And fell on the mat less alive than dead.

Whom had he slain, with luckless arm?  
One who had never done him harm;  
Of nature firm, but mild as May,  
A struggling widow's only stay—  
In pride of youth he fell;  
Amid the fields and valleys gay,  
Where he had witness'd first the day  
Scenes that he lov'd so well!  
The slayer heard his dying moan;  
'Twas not a sigh—'twas not a groan—  
Salt tears remorseful roll;  
Of fratricide he owns the pain,  
He feels a brother he has slain,  
In murdering my whole!



## REPUS.

ANSWER TO CHARADE IN LAST NUMBER.  
*Engage—[En-jen-je.]*

ANSWER TO REPUS IN LAST NUMBER.  
Idleness is the parent of many vices.  
[Idle-N; S is the parent of many; Vices.]

SUICIDE OF A QUAKERESS.

On Monday last the Coroner for East Surrey held a lengthened inquiry into the circumstances attending the death of Mrs. Mary Anne Aylesbury, a member of the Society of Friends, who destroyed her life by swallowing arsenic.

It appeared by the evidence that, on the afternoon of the previous Friday, she called in a female friend, who lived in the adjoining house, at Claremont Cottages, Peckham. The latter found deceased sitting on the bed, with her hands clasped together, looking at the time exceedingly wild and agitated. She said that she had taken poison, and asked her if God would forgive her, as she was a wicked woman to have done what she had, and she thought she should in consequence go to hell. The neighbour at once sent for her husband, and also for a medical gentleman. He attended immediately, and found her sitting on the bed, apparently in great pain. Having heard that she had taken poison, he asked her why she had done so, and she replied that "the devil had tempted her to take it." Witnesses at once gave her an emetic, which caused her to vomit, and the same was kept up by giving her warm water to drink. The female friend saw her again in twenty minutes after the surgeon had left, when she appeared still more excited. On being asked what induced her to take the poison, she replied that "she did not know, as she had good children and a good husband as any one had in the world."

The surgeon sent her some medicine, and saw her again repeatedly, but by eight o'clock she seemed much worse, and her face became white, with dark circles round the eyes. The symptoms were such as to confirm the belief that she was labouring under the effects of arsenic. Early next morning he was called up, and told that she was dying. He went directly, and found that she had expired.

Mr. Aylesbury said, that he was sent for on the day in question, and on arriving at his home his deceased wife pulled him towards her and said, "Do you think I shall be forgiven?" The husband said he hoped so. He knew that arsenic had been obtained three years ago for destroying rats when he lived at the West End, and it had been brought to his present residence when he removed to it a month ago. Lately a religious turn had come over her, which affected her mind. She was a member of the Society of Friends, and he believed that she was of unsound mind when she destroyed herself. The learned Coroner having summed up, the Jury returned a verdict of temporary insanity.

THE MYSTERIOUS MURDER AT BRISTOL.

When the inquest was resumed, last week, on the body of Melinda Payne, the little girl murdered near Bristol, a jar which the child had taken in her errand, was discovered on the footpath where the body was found, and also a piece of black riband, stained with red marks, and some white wooden tongs, apparently part of the fringe of a shawl. The jar was covered with several stones, on one of which were blood marks.—The mother of the deceased identified the jar as being, to the best of her belief, the jar which the child took to fetch beer from Cook's Folly. She gave the deceased child 6d. at six o'clock on the evening of the murder, to pay for a quart of beer. The child went for the beer. She had on a brown frock and white pinafore. The riband produced looked very like one with which the child used to tie up her hair. She did not recognise a piece of blue riband and a gift ornament produced by the Inspector. When the husband of witness came home, he took off his shoes, and was nursing the baby from six till eight. At seven o'clock deceased's little brother came home, and said he had met his sister. Shortly afterwards, witness sent him to search for the deceased, as she had not returned. He came back at eight o'clock without her, and witness, fearing she might have fallen over the rocks, asked her husband to go to search for her. He put on his shoes, and went up one gully, and the two biggest children up the other, and they met at the top of the down. The husband and the boy and girl returned at ten, and soon afterwards witness and her husband went out; and she walked up the lower gully with her lantern, whilst her husband with another lantern climbed the rocks. About twelve they returned. Nothing had been then heard to excite suspicion. Witness was in and out all night, looking for the child till four o'clock, when their lodger got up and went out with her husband, who had not gone to bed that night. Soon after seven she heard that deceased's body was found. Witness never saw the knife produced, either at home or at any of her neighbours'. A boy in the neighbourhood said he found the knife, its blade covered with blood, in a drain-hole, midway in the path from Clifton to the Hotwells.—A donkey driver said he saw a girl a little before seven on the evening of the murder, answering to the description of the deceased. She was coming from Cook's Folly with a jar. After nine o'clock, he saw deceased's father and brother searching for her, and the father told some boys who were pasturing their donkeys, that he would give them money if they brought the child home.—Evidence was also given that the child had bought the quart of beer at a public-house at Cook's Folly, where she stayed only five minutes. The inquest was then adjourned.

**THE MURDER AT CUDHAM.**—A murder recently committed in Kent is exciting an interest and horror scarcely inferior to those caused by the mysterious affair at Bristol. The victim was the wife of a labourer named Bigley, whose cottage stood alone on the Westerham road, in the straggling parish of Cudham, three miles from Westerham. As soon as Bigley, whose wife had been murdered, and whose mother had been brutally maltreated, left his home, the murderer must have entered the cottage by the window, and from appearances it would seem that in the first instance he attacked the younger Mrs. Bigley with a pair of tongs which were lying about. That she struggled violently with her assailant, seems certain from the fact that patches of blood are visible on various parts of the floor, and handfuls of human hair were thrown about the room. If the last and fatal blow were aimed at the woman while she was out of bed, the murderer must have lifted the body into the bed and then hastily covered it over with the clothes. It would seem that he then proceeded to the room of the elder Mrs. Bigley and commenced his murderous attack upon her, but with what instrument it is impossible at present to say. At present, the old woman is not in a position to be questioned on the subject, as her skull is fractured, and she is delirious. Some hopes have been entertained that when her senses are partially restored she may have some recollection of the person of her assailant.

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

**JEW OUTFITTERS AND A POOR SEMPRESS.**—Neuman Grinbunn, a German Jew, carrying on business as a tailor and outfitter, in Fashion Street, Spitalfields, and Abraham Lazarus, one of his workmen, were charged, at Worship Street, with having, under aggravated circumstances, violently assaulted a young sempstress named Julia Isaacson. The complainant stated that she had been occasionally employed in making up waistcoats, and other articles of clothing, for Grinbunn, but she discontinued working for him about two months since. Grinbunn was indebted to her in a trifling balance of fifteen pence, for which she had made repeated applications to no purpose, and on proceeding to his warehouse, to renew her demand for payment, he put her off with the usual intimation, that she must call again for it. On remonstrating with him upon his unfeeling conduct in depriving her of the paltry pittance for which she had worked so hard, and of which she stood so much in need, the defendant instantly seized hold of her, and attempted to eject her from the place. He was actively assisted by Lazarus, who tore her bonnet off her head, and grasping her by the hair, commenced dragging her out by main force. Her cries for help at length attracted the notice of several persons in the street, who loudly expressed their indignation at the brutality of the two Jews. On this the latter secured the door, and pulled down the blinds to screen them from external observation. Grinbunn then placed himself before her, and attacked her in a most unmerciful manner, striking her right and left about the face, neck, and other parts of her person, as if he had been fighting with a man. While her late employer was so ill-using her, the other Jew placed his hand over her mouth, to stifle her cries, and although she entreated them to desist and allow her to leave, they persisted in their violent conduct for nearly two hours, and kept her in the place until the people outside threatened to break down the door unless they released her, when they at length opened it, and thrust her into the street. After calling the attention of a policeman to her bruised and tattered condition, she made the best of her way home. On arriving, she was compelled to repair to bed and send for a surgeon, under whose care she remained for some days from the effects of the injuries she had received.

In answer to the charge, the Jew outfitter said, that although the complainant had been civilly requested to call for her money on the following Saturday, she refused to quit the place, and conducted herself with such violence that they

were compelled to use some degree of force to restrain her, but no more than was absolutely necessary to effect that object.

The Magistrate said he should mark the defendants' scandalous conduct by imposing a penalty £10 upon each of them, the half of which he should award to the poor sempstress, as a compensation, and in default of payment he should commit them to three months' hard labour in the House of Correction.

**A LIGHT-FINGERED POLE.**—Stanislaus Szczeniowski, a fashionably-attired young Pole, was placed the other day at the bar, at the Police Court, Marylebone, for examination on charges of robbery.

The evidence went to show, that on Saturday morning, the 25th ult., the prisoner, who at the station-house described himself as a music engraver, living at 60, Regent Street, went to the residence of Mr. Bailey, Houghton Street, Hampstead Road, and on ascertaining that the latter was not at home, begged to be allowed to sit down and write a note. His request was complied with, and he was supplied in the parlour with pen, ink, and paper. He shortly afterwards quitted the apartment, but as he was in the act of making his egress at the front door, the servant girl missed from the mantel-shelf a timepiece. She seized him, but he broke away from her, and she followed him, crying "stop thief" as loudly as she could. He ran into Oakley Square, and, on finding that he was hotly pursued, he threw from him the article alluded to in the enclosure. It was picked up, and handed over to a police constable.

A second charge was preferred against the prisoner of having on the 16th ult. paid a visit at Mr. Mill's residence, No. 8, Queen's Terrace, Albert Road, Regent's Park, and in a similarly artful way to that in the first instance described, possessed himself of a valuable knife, the only article which, probably, was within his reach.

The knife, which had been pawned, was produced and identified; and the prisoner was fully committed upon both charges for trial.

**A DESERTED FATHER.**—A native of Holland appeared at the Mansion House on Saturday last, for the purpose of claiming his daughter, who had run away from his protection, in her own country, to that of a sister, who was married in England to a respectable tradesman. The two young women accompanied their father, and showed a very strong determination to resist whatever power he might be disposed to exert in the attempt to bring his unmarried daughter to what he considered to be a use of her duty to him. They stood together before the magistrate, holding each other's hands, and looked at one another with the most earnest solicitude and affection.—The Magistrate asked the father why his daughter had left him?—The father replied that he apprehended she was mentally afflicted; that his treatment of her justified his expectation of filial gratitude; and that he was anxious to save her from the temptations to which she would be exposed in England.—The Magistrate: How old are these young women?—The father said the married woman was 18, and her sister was 21.—The Magistrate: She is of age, and may choose for herself in this country. Her sister appears to me to be a most unexceptionable person. I, therefore, advise the father to reconcile himself to the separation.

**A CRIMEAN HERO DIVESTED OF HIS MEDAL.**—A notorious female, named Jane Wise, aged 28, appeared before the Thames Police Court, the other day, charged with stealing two half-sovereigns, and a silver medal with three clasps, from the person of John McGrath, a private in the 4th Regiment.

The soldier stated that he was on furlough, and that, on Saturday evening, while strolling land by the London Docks, he met the prisoner. Being "like steel among men, like wax among women," and far from insensible to the nymph's fascinations, Private McGrath, with a gallantry not peculiar to his class, escorted her to a public-house in the neighbourhood. When he had treated her with something to drink, and was about to take his leave, the gallant private suddenly felt the alluring Miss Wise put one arm affectionately round his neck, while, with the hand that was disengaged, she unpinned the silver medal from his breast, and then took two half-sovereigns from his trousers pocket. She endeavoured to get away with the money and the medal, but he detained her, and, after a violent struggle, gave her into the custody of a police constable, who conveyed her to the station-house.

The latter said, that when he took the prisoner to the station-house, she put a half-sovereign in her mouth and swallowed it. He did not know what became of the other half-sovereign. The prisoner was searched by the wife of a police constable, who found the soldier's medal in her stays.

The Magistrate asked if the prisoner was known, and the constable replied that she was the most expert thief in the district, and had been twice convicted of felony.

The Magistrate.—Then I shall commit her for trial.

The prosecutor said he wanted to go to Edinburgh, and he hoped the magistrate would let him have his medal, and go about his business.

The Magistrate said the prosecutor must remain a week longer in London, and he would allow him 10s. from the poor-box fund to maintain him, and he must make the best use of it he could. The prisoner was an old offender, and could not be let loose on society again. He should therefore call on the Crimean hero to attend the sessions, and give evidence against the prisoner. He directed the police constable to retain the soldier's medal until after the trial, when it would be restored to him, and not before.

AQUATICS.

RANELAGH YACHT CLUB.

We deeply regret, in detailing the account of the second match of the above club on Tuesday, August 28, to have to record the death of a gentleman named Gibbons, an experienced sailor, and great promoter of yachting amongst the small clubs, which occurred by drowning, and which has plunged his family and friends in the deepest grief. The accident which caused his death occurred during the race, by the overturning of one of the yachts, and, although he was an expert swimmer, he was lost, the other gentlemen who were with him on board the yacht fortunately being saved.

The distance in the match was from Battersea to Putney, twice round, and the prize a silver cup.

The signal-gun was fired for the yachts to come to stations at 1.18, when the following yachts made their appearance:—Wave, 3 tons, Chatting; Belle, 3 tons, Greaves; Eugenie, 6 tons, White; Mary, 6 tons, Wyld; Doubtful, 4 tons, King. They came in at Battersea as under:—Mary, 3h. 25m.; Belle, 3h. 26m.; Wave, 3h. 33m. When within sight of the goal, the Doubtful, from which a quantity of ballast had been thrown to lighten her with a view of overtaking the Belle, suddenly capsized, and the whole crew of gentlemen amateurs, consisting of Mr. King (the owner), and Messrs. Capel, Hunt, and Gibbons, were immersed in the water, the boat completely sinking. Messrs. King, Capel, and Hunt, were fortunately rescued; but poor Mr. Gibbons, who it is supposed must have been stunned by the boat or one of its spars, unhappily met with a watery grave.

DOVER AND CINQUE PORTS REGATTA.

This regatta came off on Thursday, the 30th Aug., with considerable éclat. The management was excellent, the weather all that could be desired, and the attendance of yachts very numerous.

The first race was between yachts over 20 and not exceeding 50 tons, for a purse of thirty sovereigns. The course from the flagstaff, three times round, formed a distance of thirty miles. The following were the entries for this prize:—Adiante, 22 tons, Mr. William Patterson; Thought, 28, Mr. Geo. Coope; Napoleon, 40, Mr. H. Chilton; Amazon, 48, Mr. A. Young. The Thought did not come to her station, and was therefore out of the race.

At 12.37 the signal-gun, and an excellent start was effected; but the Amazon soon drew ahead, and maintained the lead to the end; and they passed the flagstaff in the following order:—First round—Amazon, 1h. 44m. 56s.; Napoleon, 1h. 51m. 3s.; Adiante, 1h. 53m. 46s. Second round—Amazon, 2h. 45m. 42s.; Napoleon, 3h. 1m. 20s.; Adiante, 3h. 8m. 55s. Third round—Amazon, 3h. 51m. 25s.; Napoleon, 4h. 10m. 21s.; Adiante, 4h. 21m. 5s. The Amazon thus beating the Napoleon 15m. 56s., and the Adiante 20m. 4s.

The second race was for a purse of twenty sovereigns, and the following yachts entered and came to their stations. The course was twice round. Kitten, 13 tons, Mr. R. Leach; Violet, 10, Mr. J. R. Kirby; Fawn, 13, Mr. F. T. Biddle.

On the signal-gun firing at 1.13, they all got off together; the Kitten, however, showed in front, and they passed the flagstaff as follows:—First round—Kitten, 2h. 31m. 36s.; Fawn, 2h. 41m. 31s.; Violet, 2h. 45m. 10s. Second round—Kitten, 3h. 41m. 50s.; Fawn, 4h. 2m. 50s. The Violet gave up after the first round, and the Kitten beat the Fawn 21m.

The third was a first-class galley-race, open to the coast, which was won by the Arrow, of Ramsgate. Then followed some excellent skiff races, and sculling matches, and the sports of the day wound up with an excellent duck-hunt.

PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB.

It has been arranged to have an aquatic fête at Erith on the 13th of September, to consist of a sailing match, dinner, and a ball in the Erith gardens, the whole to wind up with a pyrotechnic display. The match will be for yachts of eight tons and under, for which two handsome silver cups will be given as prizes for the two first yachts. The course will be from Erith to Halfway House down to Purfleet and back. The start, and passing Erith down to Purfleet and back, will all be viewed from the terrace of the gardens, and a military band will be in attendance during the day; and the various amusements in the gardens, with the ball and dinner, will doubtless make this little fête a novel and agreeable close of the yachting season of 1855.

MONEY OPERATIONS OF THE WEEK.

THE amount of business doing in English stocks, this week, both for money and time, has been very limited, and prices have shown a tendency to give way. The heaviness in the market is chiefly attributed to the decline in the stock of bullion in the Bank of England—to several large parcels of gold having been sent away, chiefly on account of the new loans, and the prospect of heavy remittances being made to the Continent and to Turkey for some time. But we have no uneasy feeling as respects the future, satisfied as we are, that the resources of the country are amply sufficient to meet the drains upon us. All feeling of uneasiness ought to be set aside, when we consider the steady produce of gold both

in Australia and California, and the fair prospect of heavy remittances—now that trade has assumed a more favourable aspect—for some months. This week money is comparatively easy, but there is every possibility of its becoming dearer. The following are the leading quotations of English securities for the week:—Bank Stock, 216½. Three per cents reserved, 91½; 3 per cent Consols, 90½; New 3 per cents, 92½; Consols for account, 90½; Long Annuities, 1860, 4; do. 1856, 17; India Bonds, 27s.; Exchequer Bills, 11s. to 16s. prem. Omium, 4½ prem.

The market for most foreign bonds has been in a sluggish state, and prices have ruled somewhat lower. Mexican 3 per cents. have marked 21½; Peruvian 4½ per cents, 79½; Spanish new Deferred, 19½; do. Reserve, 4½; Turkish bonds, 6 per cents, 93½; do. new scrip, 1½ prem.; Venezuela, 4½ per cents, 29½; do. new Deferred, 13; French 4½ per cent Scrip 2½ prem.; Dutch 2½ per cents, 65½.

The imports of bullion have been moderate, and several parcels of gold recently arrived from Australia have been shipped to France.

In miscellaneous securities, very few transactions have been reported. Canada Bonds, 141; Ditto Six per Cents, 111½; Crystal Palace, 2½; General Screw Steam Shipping Company, 16; Peel River Land and Mineral, 2½. Mining shares have continued flat. Coxes and Canals have realised 3½; Pontigband Silver Lead, 15½.

The dealings in joint-stock bank shares have been tolerably extensive. Australia, 91; English, Scottish, and Australian Chartered, 17½ ex div.; London, 55½; London and Westminster, 48½; New South Wales, 35½; Union of Australia, 73; Union of London, 29½.

Much heaviness has been experienced in the railway share market, and prices are drooping. Caldonian, 65; Eastern Counties, 104; Great Northern, 88½; Great Western, 55½ ex div.; Lancashire and Yorkshire, 81½; London and Brighton, 98½; London and North Western, 94; South Western, 84½; Midland, 68½ ex div.; South Eastern, 60 ex div.; South Wales, 32.

METROPOLITAN MARKETS.

**CORN EXCHANGE.**—Very limited supplies of English wheat have been received up to our market, this week, coastwise and by land-carriage. At least two-thirds of them have been composed of the new crop in fair average condition. All kinds have sold freely, at an improvement in the quotations of from 1s. to in some instances 2s. per quarter. Foreign wheat—the imports of which have been small—has sold to a moderate extent, at 2s. per quarter more money. Floating cargoes have realised enhanced rates. The barley trade has been rather active, at 1s. advance. Malt has sold freely, on former terms. For oats, there has been a steady sale, at fully 6d. more money. Both beans and peas have had an improved tendency, with very limited quantities on offer. Flour has ruled firm, at fully last week's improvement in value.

**ENGLISH CURRENCY.**—Essex and Kent White Wheat, 69s. to 86s.; ditto, Red, 68s. to 78s.; Malting Barley, 31s. to 35s.; Distilling ditto, 22s. to 32s.; Grinding ditto, 30s. to 33s.; Malt, 66s. to 72s.; Rye, 40s. to 43s.; Feed Oats, 25s. to 27s.; Potato ditto, 27s. to 30s.; Tick Beans, 39s. to 43s.; Pigeon, 42s. to 48s.; White Peas, 44s. to 50s.; Maple, 40s. to 42s.; Gray, 38s. to 40s. per quarter; Town-made Flour, 65s. to 70s.; Town Households, 64s. to 65s.; Country, 57s. to 60s.; Norfolk and Suffolk, 54s. to 55s. per 280 lbs.

**CATTLE.**—The supplies of beasts on sale, this week, have been moderate. Prime breeds have changed hands steadily, at full prices. Otherwise, the beef trade has ruled heavy, at a decline in the quotations of 2d. per cwt. There has been a good inquiry for sheep—the receipts of which have been by no means extensive—at full prices. Lambs, however, have changed hands slowly, and the currencies have had a downward tendency. Calves have sold at fully the late advances; and we have had an improved inquiry for pigs. Beef, from 3s. 8d. to 5s. 4d.; mutton, 3s. 6d. to 5s. 2d.; lamb, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 8d.; veal, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 4d.; pork, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. per cwt. to sink the offer.

**NEWCASTLE AND LEADENHALL.**—For the time of year, the supplies of meat on sale in these markets have been tolerably extensive, and the general demand has ruled inactive, as follows:—Beef, from 3s. 6d. to 4s. 8d.; mutton, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 10d.; lamb, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 6d.; veal, 4s. to 5s.; pork, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. per cwt. by the carcass.

**TEA.**—Nearly all kinds have been in improved request, and prices have shown a tendency to advance. Common sound Congou has realised 8½d. to 8½d. per lb.

**SUGAR.**—Since our last report, an extensive business has been transacted in all raw sugars, at a further advance of 1s. per cwt. The stock of sugar is now about 15,000 tons less than at the corresponding period in 1854. Foreign sugars afloat have sold freely, on higher terms. Refined goods move off briskly at enhanced rates. Brown lumps, 50s. to 51s.; and low to fine grocery, 52s. to 51s. 6d. per cwt.

**MOLASSES.**—Our market is active, and prices are still advancing. Cuba, 18s. 6d. to 20s.; Porto Rico, 19s. to 20s.; and low to fine West India, 19s. to 20s. per cwt.

**COFFEE.**—Plantation kinds move off freely at extreme quotations. Several parcels of good ordinary Native, have realised 49s. to 50s. 6d. per cwt. Mocha is held on higher terms.

**COCOA.**—This article is producing rather more money. Gray Trinidad, 40s. to 45s.; red, 45s. to 50s.; Granada, 40s. to 45s.; foreign, 36s. to 45s. per cwt.

**RICE.**—Nearly 10,000 tons—partly to arrive—have sold at extreme quotations. PROVISIONS.—The business doing in all kinds of butter is very moderate, and low qualities are easier to purchase. The supplies on offer are but moderate. Prime bacon is in request, and quite as dear as last week. Stall parcels are very dull. Hams, Lard, and Cheese, are firm, and the turn in favour of sellers.

**WOOL.**—Although the stocks and imports are far from heavy, great heaviness prevails in this market, and the quotations are almost nominal.

**COTTON.**—The demand is firm, and prices are freely supported in every instance. Surat, very mid, to good fair, 3½d. to 4½d.; Bengal, mid. fair, 3½d. to 3½d.; Madras, good fair to good Tinnivelly, 4½d. to 4½d. per lb.

**HEMP AND FLAX.**—There is a good inquiry for hemp, and prices are well supported. Petersburg clean, 2½d. to 2½d. 10s.; Manila, 2½d. to 2½d.; and Linn, 2½d. to 2½d. per ton. Flax moved off slowly on former terms. Jute and Coir goods are tolerably active.

**METALS.**—Scotch pig iron has been in improved request, and prices have had an upward tendency. Manufactured parcels command extreme quotations. Sheets, single, in London, £11 5s. to £12 5s.; Hoops, first quality, £10 15s. to £11 10s.; Nail rods, £10 to £10 15s. per ton. Tin is still active, and rather dearer. Banca, 127s. to 128s.; Straits, 125s. to 126s.; British, 126s. to 127s.; and refined, 130s. 6d. to 131s. Tin plates are active. I.C. coke, 29s. 6d.; I.C. ditto, 34s. 6d. to 35s.; I.C. charcoal, 34s. 6d. to 35s. per box. Lead moved off freely, and the quotations have an upward tendency. Spelter, on the spot, is quoted at £23 15s. to £24 per ton. Zinc is firm, at £29 10s. per ton.

**SPICES.**—There has been a good demand for Rum, at very full prices. Proof Leewards, 2s. 3d. to 2s. 4d.; East India, 2s. 2½d. to 2s. 3d. per gallon. Foreign proof to 10 per cent. over, is worth 2s. 1d. to 2s. 6d. per gallon. Brandy is steady, and quite as dear as last week. Sales of Cognac, best brandy of 1851, 10s. 5d. to 10s. 7d.; 1850 ditto, 10s. 6d. to 10s. 8d. per gallon. Malt spirits, proof, is quoted at 10s. 8d.; Gin, 17 under proof, 10s. 2d., and 22 ditto, 9s. 8d. per gallon.

**HOPS.**—The plantation accounts are favourable, and the duty is called £290,000 to £300,000. A few new hops have sold at from £9 to £10 10s. per cwt. Yearlings move off steadily.

**POTATOES.**—The supplies have fallen off, and the demand is steady, at from 50s. to 75s. per ton.

**COALS.**—Buddle's West Hartley, 12s.; Tanfield Moor Bates, 16s.; Wylam, 20s.; Gosforth, 12s.; Lambton, 21s.; Heugh Hall, 20s.; Kelloe, 21s. per ton.

**OILS.**—This market has a firm appearance for all kinds of oil. Linseed, on the spot, is worth 43s. 6d. to 43s. 9d. per cwt. Turpentine is steady at 32s. to 33s. 6d. for spirits.

**TALLOW.**—Great firmness prevails in our market, and prices are still advancing. T.Y.C. on the spot, is worth 55s. 6d. to 56s. 2d. per cwt. Town tallow, 55s. 6d. per cwt., nett cash. Rough fat, 3s. 1d. per cwt. The stock is now 35,568 casks against 31,903 in 1854.

LONDON GAZETTE.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 31.

**BANKRUPTS.**—WILLIAM TAYLOR, Gloucester, hardware dealer—ANDREW DEWSTER, Liverpool, stonemason and builder—JOHN STRONG, jun., Birkenhead, steamboat owner—ISRAEL COWAN and MARK BRAHAM, Aldgate High Street, waterproof clothing manufacturers—BENJAMIN BURLINGTON WALL and GEORGE CHARLES DAWK, Chancery Lane, builders—JAMES BURQUET GOUGH, River Terrace, Islington, timber merchant—WILLIAM MORTIMER, Morley, Yorkshire, cloth manufacturer—THOMAS BANKS, Bradford, washing, wringing, and mangling machine maker—WILLIAM CHARLES FITZLAND, Lincoln, grocer—THOMAS ADAMSON and HENRY HUNTER BELL, Sunderland, carriers and leather cutters.

**SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.**—ALEXANDER CUMMING, Inverness-shire, farmer—JOHN BYAN, New Cumnock, innkeeper.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4.

**BANKRUPTS.**—SIR GEORGE DE LA FOER BERSFORD, Bart., 17A, Flindyer Street, Westminster, mining and commission agent—WILLIAM GILBERT, 8, Vine Place, Old Street Road, butcher—DAVID EDWARDS, jun., Landport, Southampton, corn factor—ABSALEM FRANCIS, late of 3, George Yard, Lombard Street, City, dealer in mining shares—THOMAS JORDAN, Bloxwich, Staffordshire, baker—THOMAS HEMINGSLEY, Willenhall, Staffordshire, cut nail manufacturer—GEORGE PYNNE, Bristol, cordwainer—JOHN MAXLEY, Torquay, Devonshire, butcher—MARY ANN PASSMORE, Exeter, umbrella manufacturer—MATTHEW LICHGARY DUNFORD, Exeter, cutter—JOHN MAWE, Louth, Lincolnshire, butcher—WILLIAM ROXBURGH, Liverpool, insurance broker.

**SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.**—JOHN BRYAN (not Bayan, as printed in last Friday's "Gazette"), New Cumnock, wool merchant—JOHN LAINO, Glasgow, miller and builder—NEIL LIVINGSTON, Greenock, wine merchant—JAMES WILLAR, Kilmarnock, bookseller—DUGALD and JOHN MACQUEEN, Inverness, boot and shoe makers.

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